

MAN'S TRUE ACTION

ACE June 25¢

The HELL of BATTLE

Startling Photos
Never Before Published!

- Fury Of The Devil's Sex Cult
- "We Cheat You Every Day!"
- They Burn Out The Pain



MEN PAST 40

Who are Troubled with *Getting Up Nights* Pains in Back, Hips, Legs, Nervousness-Tiredness, Loss of Physical Vigor *The Cause may be* *Glandular Inflammation*



The Excelsior Institute is completely equipped to give the latest and most modern scientific Diagnostic and treatment services.

The highly trained Staff of Doctors and Technicians is so extensive that your physical condition may be thoroughly checked during the day you arrive here.

TREATMENTS EXCLUSIVELY FOR MEN

The Excelsior Institute is an institution devoted exclusively to the treatment of diseases of men of advancing years. If you were to visit here you would find men of all walks of life. Here for one purpose—improving their health, finding new zest in life and adding years of happiness to their lives.

During the past two years men from over 1,000 cities and towns from all parts of the United States have been successfully treated here at the Excelsior Institute. Undoubtedly one or more of these men are from your locality or close by . . . we will gladly send you their names for reference.

RECTAL and COLON Troubles TREATED Non-Surgically

Rectal and Colon disorders are often associated with Glandular Inflammation. These disorders if not corrected will gradually grow worse and often require painful and expensive surgery.

We are in a position to take care of these troubles either with or without Glandular Inflammation treatments.

The proper treatment of such disorders can very easily change your entire outlook on life.

Men as they grow older too often become negligent and take for granted unusual aches and pains. They mistakenly think that these indications of Ill Health are the USUAL signs of older age.

This negligence can prove Tragic, resulting in a condition where expensive and painful surgery is the only chance.

If you, a relative or a friend have the symptoms of Ill Health indicated above, the trouble may be due to Glandular INFLAMMATION.

NON-SURGICAL TREATMENTS

The non-surgical treatments of Glandular Inflammation and other diseases of older men afforded at the Excelsior Institute have been the result of over 20 years scientific research on the part of a group of Doctors who were not satisfied with painful surgical treatment methods.

GLANDULAR INFLAMMATION very commonly occurs in men of middle age or past and is accompanied by such physical changes as Frequent Lapses of Memory, Early Graying of the Hair and Excess Increase in weight . . . signs that the Glands are not functioning properly.

Neglect of such conditions or a false conception of inadequate treatments cause men to grow old before their time . . . leading to premature senility, loss of vigor in life and possibly incurable conditions.

The War brought many new techniques and many new wonder working drugs. These new discoveries were added to the research development already accomplished. The result has been a new type of treatment that is proving of great benefit to men suffering from Glandular Inflammation or Rectal and Colon trouble.

COMPLETE EXAMINATION AT LOW COST

On your arrival here we first make a complete examination. The Doctors who examine you are experienced specialists. You are told

frankly what your condition is and the cost of the treatments you need. You then decide whether or not you will take treatments recommended.

Definite Reservations Not Necessary

If your condition is acute and painful you may come here at once

without reservation. Complete examination will be made promptly.

Select Your Own Hotel Accommodations

Treatments are so mild that hospitalization is not necessary so the saving in your expense is considerable. You are free to select any type of hotel accommodation you may desire.

DO SOMETHING TODAY

Putting something off today until tomorrow is only human nature. Taking a few minutes right now in filling out the coupon below may enable you to better enjoy the future years of your life and prove to be one of the best investments you ever made.

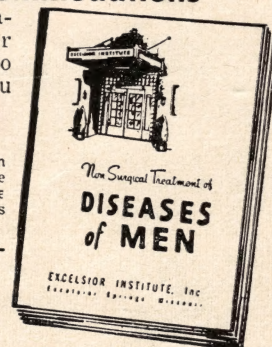
Excelsior Institute
Dept. B1253
Excelsior Springs, Mo.

Gentlemen: Kindly send me at once your New FREE Book on Diseases peculiar to men. I am years old.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



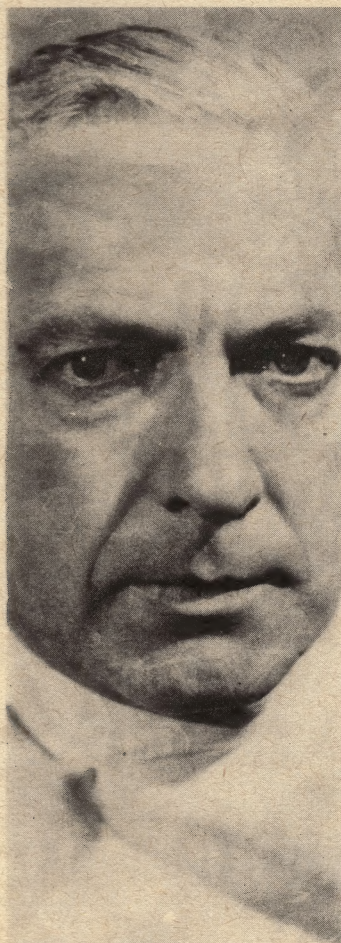
FREE

ILLUSTRATED BOOK GIVES
YOU FULL INFORMATION

The Excelsior Institute has published a New FREE Book that is fully illustrated and deals with Diseases peculiar to men. It gives excellent factual knowledge and could prove of utmost importance to your future life. It shows how new modern non-surgical methods are prevailing where older methods are failing. It is to your best interest in life to write for a FREE copy today.

Did You Ever Ask Yourself...

WHY CAN'T I GROW HAIR?



Note to Doctors

Doctors, clinics, hospitals engaged in clinical work on scalp disorders are invited to write for professional literature and samples of the new Keratone Formula Series.

First, let's understand a few facts about hair growth and baldness. Common baldness follows a characteristic pattern. The hair recedes at the temples and there is a gradual loss of hair at the crown of the head. Hair lost in this manner is progressive and, if unchecked, the end result is baldness.

You may have seen ads with "before and after" photographs of men and women enjoying renewed hair growth. These photographs are probably authentic. But the next time you pick up one of these ads observe it carefully. Note that the baldness areas do *not* follow the characteristic pattern of common baldness. Note that the bald spots are not on the crown or at the temples. Instead, they are almost on any other part of the head — the back of the head, the side of the head — places where most people still retain hair after many years of being bald. These people were suffering from a scalp disorder called *alopecia areata*, which means loss of hair in patches. In these cases the hair falls out in clumps practically overnight, and grows back the same way after weeks, months, or years later. Doctors don't know the cause of *alopecia areata* but believe it results from a nervous disturbance.

At any rate, the chances are 98 to 1 that you do *not* have *alopecia areata*.

NOW YOU CAN STOP WORRYING ABOUT BALDNESS

Now we can clear the air. Up to this time no one has discovered how to GROW HAIR ON A BALD HEAD. No, nothing known to modern science, no treatment, no electric gadget, no chemical, no brush, no formula can GROW HAIR. So, if you are already bald, make up your mind you are going to stay that way. Quit worrying about it — enjoy yourself.

But if you are beginning to notice that your forehead is getting larger, beginning to notice too much hair on your comb, beginning to be worried about the dryness or oiliness of your hair, the itchiness of your scalp, the ugly dandruff—these are Nature's Red Flags. They warn you that if these conditions go un-

checked, baldness may be the end result.

Yes, there is something you can now do to help save your hair. The development of the amazing new formula series called Keratone may mean that thousands of men and women can now *increase the life expectancy* of their hair. Keratone has two basic formulas, with the dual purpose of correcting a scalp condition that often results in baldness, and giving greater health and longer life to the hair you still have.

authorities believe may be an essential nutritive factor to the hair and scalp.

(2) As an effective antiseptic, Keratone kills, on contact, seborrhea-causing bacteria believed by many medical authorities to be a cause of baldness. By its keratolytic action, it dissolves dried sebum and ugly dandruff, it controls seborrhea, thereby tending to normalize the lubrication of the hair shaft, and eliminating head scales and scalp itch. In short, Keratone offers a modern effective treatment for the preservation of your hair.

Today there is no longer any excuse for any man or woman to neglect the warning signals of impending baldness. After years of research and experimentation, we can say this about Keratone. We know of no other treatment, used at home or in professional salons, that can surpass Keratone in saving your hair.

KERATONE IS UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

Therefore, we offer you this UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE. Try Keratone in your own home. In only 10 days your hair must look thicker, more attractive and alive. Your dandruff must be gone, your irritating scalp itch must stop. In only 20 days you must see the remarkable improvement in your scalp condition, and the continued improvement in the appearance of your hair. After 30 days you must be completely satisfied with the rapid progress in the condition of your hair and scalp, or return the unused portion of the treatment and we will refund the entire purchase price at once.

You now have the opportunity to help *increase the life expectancy of your hair — at no risk.*

So don't delay. Nothing — not even Keratone — can grow hair from dead follicles. Fill out the coupon below, while you have this chance to enjoy thicker-stronger-healthier HAIR AGAIN.

© THE KERATONE CO., INC., 23 West 44th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

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HOW KERATONE WORKS ON YOUR SCALP

This is how Keratone works: (1) It tends to normalize the secretions of your sebaceous glands, controlling excessive dryness and oiliness. A few treatments, and your hair looks more beautiful, more vital, and healthier. By its rubefacient action, it stimulates blood circulation to the scalp, thereby supplying more nutrition to the hair follicles. It supplies Vitamin A to the scalp, which some medical

BALDNESS WON'T WAIT! ACT NOW!

The KERATONE CO., Inc., 31 W. 47th St. New York 36, N. Y.
Please send at once the complete Keratone hair and scalp treatment (60 days' supply) in plain wrapper. I must be completely satisfied with the results of the treatment, or you GUARANTEE prompt and full refund upon return of unused portion of treatment.

- ☐ Enclosed find \$10. (Cash, check, money order). Send postpaid.
☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$10 plus postage charges on delivery.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____ DG

RUSH THIS NO-RISK COUPON TODAY!

MAN'S TRUE ACTION

PUBLISHER: LEONARD COLE

EDITOR: GEORGE PELTZ

JUNE, 1956, Vol. 1, No. 3

TRUE ADVENTURE

The Fog Was Our Shroud	16
Death Rode My Back	34
Hell Cats Are Murder	36

EXPOSE

The Lady Was A Killer	20
I Cheat You Every Day	28

OFF TRAIL

King Size Toothache	18
They Burn Out Your Pain	23
You And The Devil's Sex Cult	42
How About A Glass Of Snake Blood, Hmm?	46

EXCLUSIVE

Flood Terror	8
The Hell Of Battle	30

ACTION

We Saw The Jungle Horror	14
Blood On The Moon	26

GIRLS

The Dumb Blonde Wasn't	11
------------------------------	----

SPORTS

Fish Spear! Action!	39
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DEPARTMENTS

It's New For Men	6
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Art Director: JOHN FAY

Associate Editor: CAROL KITMAN

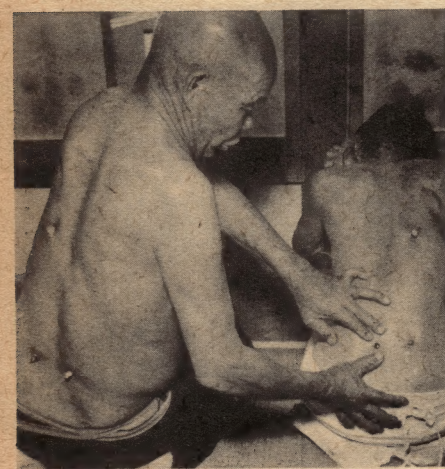
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Advertising Director: DAVID GELLER

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OR JOIN FORESTRY, FISHERY, OR WILDLIFE SERVICES!

THERE'S A CAREER FOR YOU IN THE GREAT OUTDOORS

Why just "put in your time" on a dull, uninteresting job . . . living only for the moments you can go hunting, fishing, or camping? Stop *dreaming* about a wonderful outdoor career. *Do* something about it! Prepare NOW—at home, *spare-time*, for the fascinating conservation job you've always wanted. It's *easy, fun*—enjoyable as reading your favorite outdoor magazine! Let your love of field and forest guide you to *real success and happiness*, as it has so many others! Discover how *easy* it may be to *prepare yourself*, to *go after* and GET, the outdoor position of your choice—REGARDLESS OF YOUR EDUCATION OR TRAINING!

WHICH OF THESE FASCINATING CAREERS DO YOU WANT?

GAME WARDEN. A rewarding job for the conservation-minded sportsman! Wardens protect wildlife, apprehend law violators . . . often supervise refuges, feeding stations, make game counts, tag wildfowl, etc. Starting salaries are often about \$3410 per year. Opportunities galore in this general field! Prepare Now—at Home!

GOVT. HUNTER. You can hunt and get paid for it! Most states have a predatory animal problem—hire hunters, to trap, shoot and poison mountain lions, coyotes, wolves, etc. Some states pay up to \$150.00 bounty per major predatory *plus salary*. Skilled hunters earn up to \$750 and more, monthly! Education requirements are almost non-existent—*hunting "know how" is what counts!*

FORESTRY WORK. Stimulating career for the man who loves the great outdoors! Work amid towering timber, crystal clear mountain streams, crisp, bracing weather. Rangers protect trees

against fire, insects, diseases . . . supervise patrols, construction crews. Beginners often start at about \$300 monthly. Opportunities now open in many areas! Prepare now—at home!

FISH HATCHERY WORK. A job a fisherman might dream about! Artificially propagate trout, bass, pike, etc. . . . stock depleted lakes and streams. Workers keep daily food and growth records, ship eggs and fry . . . construct and maintain hatchery equipment. Beginners start at up to \$300 monthly. Foremen earn up to \$7000. Almost *unlimited* opportunities. Prepare NOW—at home!

PRIVATE FISHERIES & GAME FARMS. Because of increasing hunting and fishing pressure, private preserves, farms, "Catch 'em Yourself" Trout Pools are springing up all over the U. S. These establishments urgently need qualified employees. They are in business to *make money*—pay well above average. Prepare NOW—at home!

COMPARE THESE MANY EXCITING ADVANTAGES!

NO SPECIAL SCHOOLING OR TRAINING REQUIRED. You don't need a college education, even a High School Diploma, for many fine beginning positions. Hunting, farming, military service, common skills—all help to get *most* outdoor jobs.

AGE NO HANDICAP. Positions are open to men between 17 and 45 years of age, in most states.

GOOD PAY, SECURITY. Start at up to \$3000 a year, with regular annual pay increases! Experienced men earn up to \$6,000 to \$12,000. You'll never worry about your employer "going out of business" or unjust firing!

PRESTIGE. Command the respect of others! Your uniform symbolizes the vigilance needed to conserve America's precious natural resources.

HEALTHFUL, INTERESTING WORK. Experience the stimulating sense of well-being you enjoy on vacations and outings, *all the time!* You'll live *better and longer* in a clean, bracing outdoor environment. Raise your family in health and happiness!

BENEFIT FROM LOW COST HOUSING, RETIREMENT INCOME, many other valuable benefits—possible *only* with an outdoor government career! No job offers you *more* of the *truly important things* in life! Let us show you the way!

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With more and more sportsmen taking to field and forest . . . with states allocating more money than ever for conservation, career opportunities are at an all-time high! Make the great outdoors "Your Business"—enjoy the finest career a sportsman could desire! Clip and Mail Coupon Today, for FREE Details!

FREE!

Large, Colorful Success Booklet. Tells, explains complete job-getting facts, plus how to get FREE "SELECT A JOB CHART." Lets you *instantly* match background, schooling, interests, against many outdoor jobs.

FILL OUT AND MAIL COUPON TODAY!

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1038 S. La Brea Ave., Los Angeles 19, Calif.

Rush me FREE "Job Opportunity" booklet & FREE "Select-A-Job Chart" details, without obligation. (No salesman will call.)

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CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

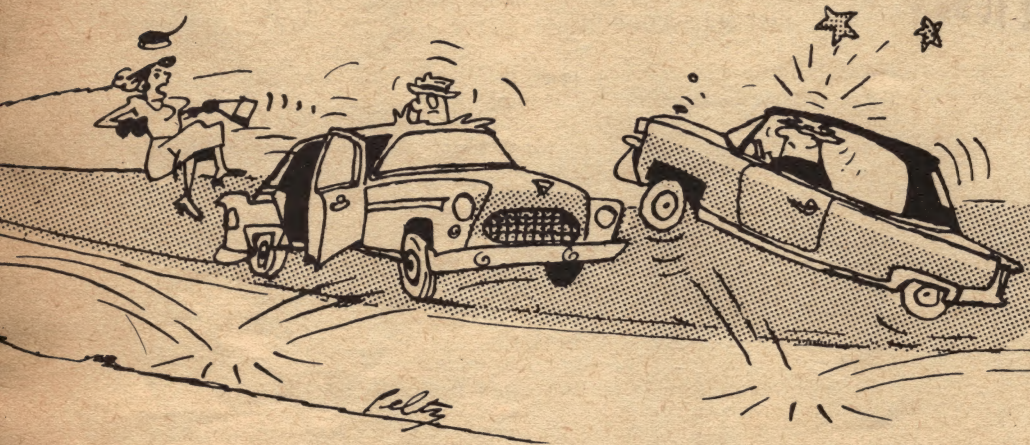
IT'S NEW FOR MEN!

★ Sidewalks and highways of the future may be made of a latex base concrete that can bend like rubber. The material's ability to expand and contract will prevent dangerous and unsightly cracking due to extremities of heat and cold. This should save considerable amounts of taxpayers' and homeowners' money from going into repair bills.

★ An amazing new electric drill can saw through as much as seven inches of steel. This high-speed power tool has an extremely high abrasive cutting surface. Its unusually small size makes it extremely adaptable in close quarters where cumbersome equipment would be unwieldy or impossible to use.



★ If your kids don't like milk, there's no longer an excuse for them to miss this valuable food. On the market now are new synthetic flavors to change the taste of milk into that of Junior's favorite foods. Licorice flavored milk anyone? How about a glass of lime cow-juice? Or a drink that tastes like root-beer but is white and pasteurized and full of Vitamin D?



★ Electronics can do everything! Now, in addition to the electronic baby-sitter (sort of an intercom unit that lucky parents have known about for a few years) you can set up your radio to turn on the formula, summon mother from the bridge club via telephone, and perform many other tasks. It's like a robot; or a full-time maid!

★ Wunnerful thing, this suction! A new vacuum cleaner made expressly for divers in resort and play areas from swimming pools will save underwater divers the unpleasant task of scraping and cleaning the accumulated dirt off the bottom of swimming pools. Like to see how many diamond rings and other lost treasures turn up in the first vacuum-load full!

★ A new automobile jack lifts two wheels at the same time, overcoming the tendency of the car to slip and the possibility of injuring the mechanic. This tool is on a double torsion bar and can raise any two wheels (two front, two back, or one of each.)

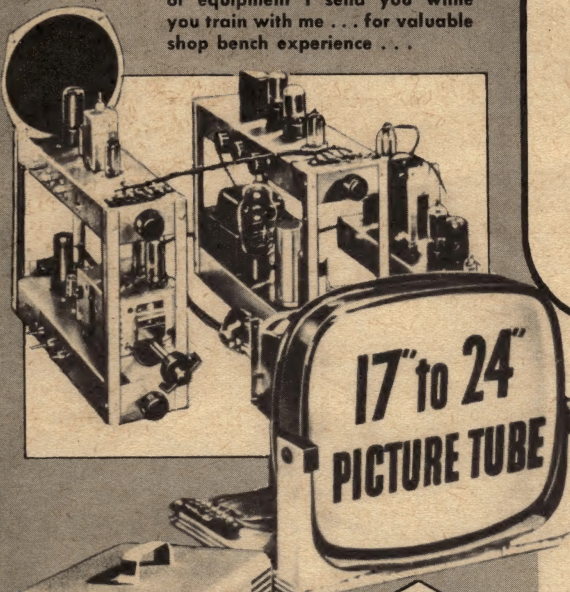
★ Coming home drunk? Or is it just dark in your hall? Perhaps you don't want to turn on the porch light and let the wife and neighbors see the condition you're in? Well, you're saved! Get one of the new luminous keys. Buy them ready-made, or paint up one of your own with some see-in-the-dark-paint. Handy little gadget!



Prepare for a Good Paying Job—Or Your Own Business

Learn PRACTICAL RADIO-TV with 25 BIG KITS

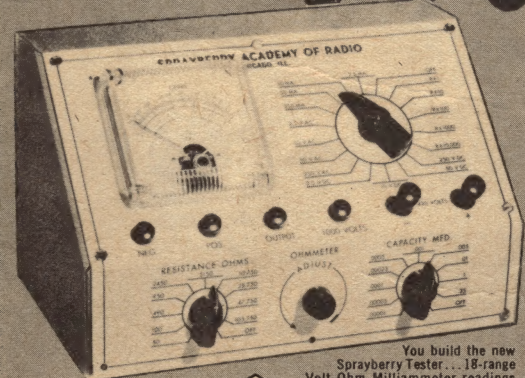
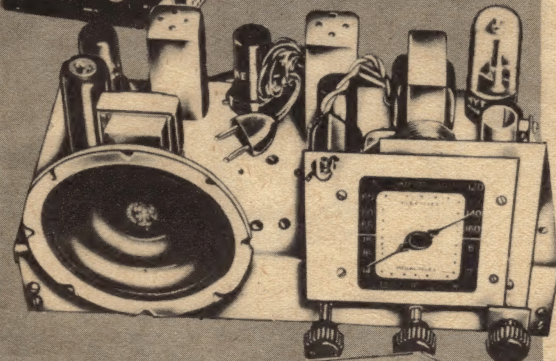
of equipment I send you while
you train with me . . . for valuable
shop bench experience . . .



This is the new Sprayberry Training Television receiver, built and tested in sections for greatest instruction value.

I now offer this fine modern oscilloscope to help you learn practical Television servicing.

You will build this powerful short wave and broadcast superhet radio receiver for valuable shop instruction practice.



You build the new Sprayberry Tester . . . 18-range Volt-Ohm-Milliammeter readings plus output meter and condenser and resistor substitution selector.

In addition to modern lesson training, I also give you plenty of home practice on actual Radio-Television equipment . . . you will build and use the units shown here plus many more. All this equipment is yours to keep . . . keep everything you need to set up your shop.

"I Will Train You at Home in RADIO-TELEVISION On Liberal No Obligation Plan!"

New Equipment! New Lessons! Enlarged Course! The true facts are yours in my big new catalog . . . **YOURS FREE . . .**
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Frank L. Sprayberry
President, Sprayberry
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I can train and prepare you in as little as 10 months to step into the big opportunity Radio-Television service field. Train *without* signing a binding contract . . . without obligating yourself to pay any regular monthly amounts. You train entirely at home in spare hours . . . you train as fast or as slowly as you wish. You'll have your choice of **THREE SPRAYBERRY TRAINING PLANS . . .** planned for both beginners as well as the more experienced man. Get the true facts about the finest most modern Radio-Training available today . . . just mail the coupon for my big new 56 page fact-filled catalog plus sample lesson—both **FREE**.

Train the Practical Way—with Actual Radio-Television Equipment

My students do better because I train both the mind and the hands. Sprayberry Training is offered in 25 individual training units, each includes a practice giving kit of parts and equipment . . . all yours to keep. You will gain priceless practical experience building the specially engineered Sprayberry Television Training Receiver, Two-Band Radio Set, Signal Generator, Audio Tester and the new Sprayberry 18 range Multi-Tester, plus other test units. You will have a complete set of Radio-TV test equipment to start your own shop. My lessons are regularly revised and every important new development is covered. My students are completely trained Radio-Television Service Technicians.

NEWEST DEVELOPMENTS

Your training covers U H F, Color Television, F M, Oscilloscope Servicing, High Fidelity Sound and Transistors.

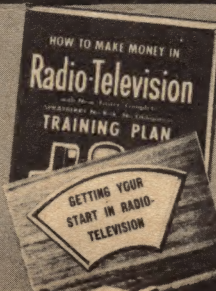
See for Yourself... Make Your Own Decision ... Mail Coupon Today!

The coupon below brings you my big new catalog plus an actual sample Sprayberry Lesson. I invite you to read the facts . . . to see that I actually illustrate every item I include in my training. With the facts in your hands, you will be able to decide. *No salesman will call on you.* The coupon places you under no obligation. Mail it now, today, and get ready for your place in Radio-Television.

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Please rush all information on your **ALL-NEW** Radio-Television Training Plan. I understand this does not obligate me and that no salesman will call upon me. Include New Catalog and Sample Lesson **FREE**.

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____



FLOOD TERROR!

**It was a hellish nightmare as the walls
of angry water came crashing down the valleys—to
topple trees, crush homes and leave a grisly
harvest of corpses entombed in mud!**

By B. W. Von Block

I WATCHED the group of gaunt, hollow-eyed men haul the grisly corpse out of the mud-packed tangle of wreckage. The body was that of a young woman, still clad in what had once been a gay, flowered summer frock.

She had not died easily. The roof of her mouth was pierced by a jagged shard of timber. Her head was cut and lacerated and patches of hair and scalp were missing from it.

"Careful . . ." someone cautioned hoarsely.

The men tried to loosen some of the mass of rubbish that held the corpse. Then two of them levered their arms under those of the dead girl. As they did, something snagged her dress and ripped it away.

We averted our eyes in a strange show of embarrassment as the delicate cloth tore apart, revealing soft, smooth skin and flesh already grey with the pallor of Death.

I stood knee-deep in oozing muck. Around me was a vast panorama of tangled wreckage and rubble upthrust from a sea of mud and silt. Buried in that desert of desolation and ruin were untold numbers of human bodies—and chunks and pieces of what had once been men, women and children!

The grim, ghastly task of digging them out had been going on all day. The dead were entombed in the mud. Some of them had been ground and grated into mere shreds of flesh and broken bone by the churning maelstrom of raging, rock-and-debris-laden waters.

For almost two days I was to watch, observe, help where I could. Fear and terror and horror and exhaustion would fill every moment. I was in the midst of a shrieking nightmare of devastation and Death.

The first reports of the floods sweeping over eastern Pennsylvania brought a telephone call and an assignment from the editor of this magazine.

"Get out there and bring back the story!" were the orders I received.

It had been no easy task getting through to the scene of the disaster. I headed for East Stroudsburg, hardest hit of the stricken towns. Such normal routes from New York City to Pennsylvania as Highways 46, 90 and 611 were blocked on that Friday, August 19, 1955.

Local and state police, sheriff's deputies, hastily-mobilized Civil Defense volunteers and National Guardsmen cordoned off roads that were awash or impassable. The trip—usually a fast, 85-mile drive over first-class highways—now took more than eight hours! One detour followed another. I was forced



Whole streets were uprooted, homes smashed to kindling and the savings and investments of years wiped away in minutes. Total cost was many hundred millions.

to swing far to the south—to Trenton, New Jersey—where I was able to cross the swollen Delaware River by the only bridge in the entire region that had not been washed away or closed!

Once across the Delaware, I swung north. Again I was delayed and forced to take wide, circling detours because of blocked roads and washed-out bridges. I heard wild rumors from the men at the highway barriers:

"Hundreds of people have been killed up where you're going . . ."

"The whole state's under martial law . . ."

"There's a typhoid epidemic . . ."

I preferred to believe the reports coming over my car radio—bad as they were:

"Scores are feared dead in Pennsylvania . . ."

"Several towns are completely iso-

Civilian defense workers, the Armed Forces and disaster volunteers banded together to fight the floods, rescue survivors and try to get order out of chaos.



lated . . ."

"Food and water have become major problems . . ."

My car stalled out after I hit a huge puddle on a back road. I lost nearly an hour before I could dry the spark plugs and get the engine started. Five miles further on, a Pennsylvania State trooper stopped me.

"You're insane!" he exploded when

I told him where I was headed. "You'll never make it! Not on this road, at any rate. Bridge is out up ahead. Try the road to Bethlehem . . ."

In Bethlehem, Pa., the great steel center, police advised me once more to give up. The entire Stroudsburg area was under martial law. All roads leading there were inundated or closed.

I decided to chance it. I headed east,

through the towns of Bath and Wind Gap. As I drove, I passed dozens of police cars, long convoys of olive-drab National Guard trucks.

In Wind Gap, local officers told me I *might* be able to make it.

"There's one way open—but it's dangerous as hell," a grizzled police sergeant informed me. "It's a back road though the hills. There've been a lot of landslides along there but it's the only way."

He showed it to me on the limp, water-soaked map I thrust under his nose. I thanked him and headed east on Highway 209. The road was wet but in fairly good shape. I was doing about 55 or 60—watching the right side of the highway for the turnoff—when I shot past the warning marker.

Suddenly I felt my guts twist in panic. Instinct made me jam my foot on the brake. The binders caught and threw me into a sliding, sidewise skid. That was all that saved me—for Highway 209 ended. Just like that!

Once there had been a substantial, well-built concrete bridge there, spanning Pocono Creek, a tiny stream a two-year-old child could have waded in safety. Now there was nothing—nothing but two jagged stubs of masonry thrusting at each other from opposite banks. Between them, there was an abrupt, sheer dropoff into a raging torrent of dark, boiling water!

I was still shaking with fear as I turned my car around, knowing that my right rear wheel had come to a stop less than a foot from the edge of the dropoff!

I found the "road through the hills." It was a winding, treacherous route. Rocks and earth washed down from the slopes made progress slow and rough.

It was dark by the time I pulled into Stroudsburg. Only a few lights glowed faintly here and there. Only those buildings with auxiliary power plants or generators had electricity. Others had to do with kerosene lamps, candles and flashlights.

At the courthouse, harried county officials were attempting to bring some order out of chaos. Despite their efforts the scene was something right out of Bedlam. Shouted reports of loss or damage, frantic requests for help, half-hysterical pleas for information about relatives and friends swamped them.

"We're in a hell of a shape," a sheriff's deputy told me. "It seems that everything has to be done all at once. And we've got so little to work with."

The picture of the full extent of the damage wrought by the flood began to emerge as I sat listening and watching.

(Continued on page 52)



The strain and sorrow of that horror-filled night are etched deep in the faces of these survivors. Worst hit were parts of Pennsylvania and New England states.

Boats of all types were pressed into rescue service as volunteers donned boots to remove the aged and infirm from their threatened homes. Many hundreds died.



THE "DUMB BLONDE" WASN'T!

BARBARA LODEN could never be classified as a "dumb blonde," yet it was as a DB that she got her first real break on TV.

Soon after she left her home town in the hills of Tennessee (where her daddy is sheriff) Barbara landed a job on the Ernie Kovacs' show. She was hired to do one commercial, but Kovacs recognized her talent immediately and made her a regular member of his slightly wacky gang.

As a comedy foil for the witty Kovacs, Barbara was the girl that everything happened to. It was her face that received the full impact of a cream pie and when Kovacs wanted someone to douse with a seltzer bottle, Barbara was right there.

Barbara was only too glad to take on this unique job. Not only did she enjoy the work, but it was wonderful "basic training" for the theatre career she's long dreamed of.

When the Kovacs show went off the air, Barbara spent her time studying acting at Paul Mann's Workshop. Those who have watched her in action predict a bright future for this not-so-dumb blonde with the incredibly shapely figure that tapes in at a whistle-provoking 34-23-34.

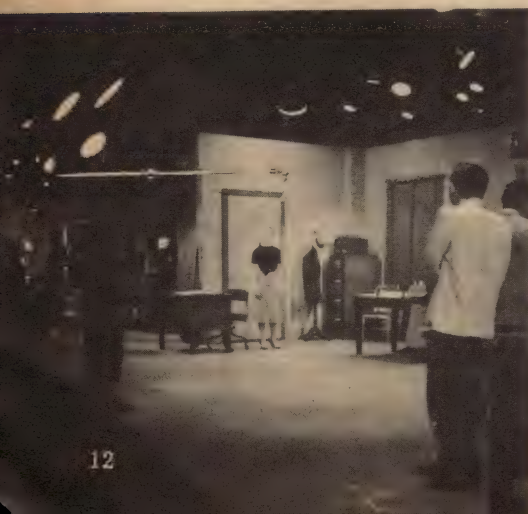
Keep your eye on Barbara Loden, gents—she's going places! And you can tell all your pals that you saw her here first!





Long blonde tresses and a figure that makes Marilyn Monroe look like a boy are only two of Barbara Loden's big assets.

Comedy foil on Ernie Kovac's show led to serious roles in TV dramas, marking Barbara as an actress on the way up.





An attractive face with extremely mobile features makes our heroine a sure-thing for all types of roles on the stage.

And as a glamour girl, Barbara just can't be beat. Her fabulous bust, waist and hips measure 34-23-34—real gone, man!



"WE SAW THE JUNGLE

Two giant beasts were locked in a bloody fight that had to end in death!

I RAISED my rifle and sighted down the barrel at the raw, primal horror churning before me. My finger tightened around the trigger.

"No! You're insane!" The words were a strangled gasp. Strong hands grabbed my arm and tore the rifle away. The flimsy canoe pitched and rocked dangerously from the sudden movements.

I turned my head slowly—as if in a daze. Bruce McVey hunched beside me. His fingers were tight on the barrel of my gun, twisting it down until the muzzle almost dipped into the water.

"You crazy bastard! That popgun would only make matters worse!" he

swore. "Put it down! They don't know we're here—yet. One potshot into the fury and we'll find ourselves dead!"

I nodded vacantly, realizing he was right. The terrible picture of the savage, primordial struggle unfolding had mesmerized me. The sound and sight of the two giant bodies locked in mortal combat scarcely 50 yards from me blotted out all reason and logic.

For there, in the normally placid waters of an orchid and vine festooned Guiana jungle lagoon, Bruce and I were witnessing a colossal duel to the death between two titans! Unwittingly we had stumbled upon one of the most

fearsome dramas the untamed jungle has to offer. We were watching a battle between a giant anaconda—largest of all snakes—and a 14-foot cayman, the great crocodile of the South American interior!

The furious roars of the bull cayman and the fantastic thrashings of the two monsters struggling in the boiling, churning water were overwhelming in their ferocity. Spinning, whirling, the croc was trying to free itself of the crushing loops the deadly constrictor had already flung around its armored body.

The croc's tremendous jaws opened



HORROR!"

By Donald H. Neidlinger

and slammed together in spasmodic frenzy. The blood-chilling smash of the hideous teeth was loudly metallic against the background of sounds which shook the hot, dank jungle air.

And the motion of the battle was carrying the two monsters closer to us! The raging force of the water-borne conflict was propelled directly at our canoe! Already, choppy waves kicked up by the frantic, violent movements of the two blood-hungry creatures were tossing our frail craft up and down.

"Take the canoe back! Start paddling!" Bruce ordered the two terrified Guiana natives who sat frozen with fear in the middle of our long, slender

boat. They came out of their trance and dipped their paddles into the water. Straining, they succeeded in turning the canoe around in the narrow waterway. We moved away from the scene of battle, slowly and unevenly.

Bruce stopped them after a few minutes. "We'll beach her up there," he said, indicating a section of the bank affording a good view of the death-duel. "We'll have grandstand seats!"

As soon as the prow of the boat touched land, I jumped out, grabbing a liana hanging from a crabwood tree to steady myself. Bruce followed, then the two natives. We hauled the canoe up on a narrow earthen ledge after us.

The gargantuan struggle went on unabated. The noise of the battle seemed louder because the jungle was now absolutely still. The twittering birds and chattering monkeys had all fled before the fury of the feral contest in the lagoon.

From where I stood, I could see the anaconda flexing the hellishly powerful muscles of its green-brown 25-foot body. The great serpent lifted, turned, arched its awful strength with smooth, twisting movements. Its flat, evil head plunged in and out of the water, dodging the slashing bites of the croc's deadly teeth.

"Not quite as bored now as you were yesterday, are you, lad?" McVey grimaced while he tamped tobacco into his battered pipe. "This is a sight you'll only see once in a lifetime."

I nodded, without taking my eyes from the seething vortex in the lagoon. I remembered how loudly I had complained about the lack of diversion the day before . . .

"The monotony! It's driving me nuts!" I moaned to Bruce at breakfast. We were sitting in the wooden bungalow that served as our home while we supervised the installation of generators and other machinery on a sprawling new cattle ranch in the Rupununi district. I had been in British Guiana for almost three months—and except for a few short trips into the interior I had seen little of the country.

"Well, you've earned a holiday," Bruce had growled in his dour Scotch manner "There's a motor launch heading up-river this afternoon. We'll take a couple of days off. We can be at Hendrickson's place—he's an up country friend of mine—by nightfall. Then, in the morning, we'll borrow a canoe and really get into the jungle. You'll be able to see plenty up there!"

We reached the extensive plantation owned by Hendrickson, a tall, spare Englishman, shortly after dark. He and McVey were old friends and old Gui-

ana hands. I spent a pleasant few hours before bedtime drinking the rich, yellow Dutch gin brought in from Surinam and listening to the two older men spin their yarns.

Actually, British Guiana, largest and most heavily populated of the three European colonies which bear the name, is also the most highly-developed. French Guiana—or Cayenne—is the home of the now-defunct but still notorious penal colony, Devil's Island. Surinam—Dutch Guiana—is declining in productivity.

I had taken the job offered me by the New York agents of a British firm operating in the British colony eagerly—little realizing it would require me to be isolated in the interior for months at a time.

But on that night on Hendrickson's plantation I was content and happy. The two of them—Bruce and Hendrickson—piled tall tale on top of tall tale to amuse, shock or frighten me, and I considered their efforts a compliment.

McVey and I rolled out of bed before dawn. The planter furnished us with a good-sized dugout canoe, provisions, two rifles, and a pair of husky natives familiar with the backwaters to handle the boat for us. The ghostly predawn mists still hung heavy over the watercourses when we set out.

As the sun came up, the jungle awoke and burst into a million weird sounds and a riot of brilliant colors. We glided along, propelled by broad paddles expertly wielded by the natives. Kingfishers, ibises, macaws, ducks of all kind filled the air. Every now and then we caught glimpses of wild animals darting in and out of the lush, green vegetation.

"You've just been slapped in the face by a thousand dollars," Bruce laughed when a low, overhanging branch fairly dripping with priceless orchids scraped the top of my head shortly before noon.

"A New York florist could make a million for himself with just one acre of this jungle," I laughed. "I can imagine what the dames at home would do if I brought back a bushel-basket of those things."

We were well into virgin territory now. The streams narrowed and became glassy. They were little more than jungle lagoons, stretching placidly under the green arches of the thick growth. Every now and then a loud splash would signal that a crocodile had decided to dunk himself in the water.

Once or twice we even saw the big amphibians slither off the bank and hit the water, moving fast. McVey

(Continued on page 58)



THE FOG WAS OUR SHROUD

**"We could smell death, taste it,
feel it all around us—but it remained
invisible in that pale, terrible
desert of fog that buried us!"**

By Charles Schumacher

DEATH is always most horrible when its presence is known but its handiwork remains invisible. The awfulness of Death is magnified a thousand times when you know the grisly spectre has passed but can't locate the victim it has left behind.

That's how it was with us on the morning of June 18, 1954. For hours—endless, maddening hours—we searched an empty desolation of impenetrable, white-blanket fog for Death. In that pale, terrible desert of swirling nothingness, we could smell Death, taste it, feel it all around us. Yet in all the ghostly hours during which we sought the fearsome wraith—it eluded us.

Only after we had been teased and taunted to the point where even our sanity was in doubt did the curtain lift. Then, and only then, did Death stop fighting us and give up its victim...

Never before in the history of the Shinnecock Coast Guard Station had there been a fog to equal the one which covered eastern Long Island on the morning of June 18, 1954. I was on watch in the station at 0600, staring through the windows in amazement at the opaque curtain of mist outside.

I glanced at the clock on the wall when the telephone rang, loudly and insistently. It was 0602. I reached for the instrument a little faster than usual. The way the Hampton Bays operator was hauling back on her ring switch I knew the call could only mean an emergency.

"Coast Guard," I mumbled into the mouthpiece as I grabbed pencil and paper with my free hand.

"A plane has just crashed into Peconic Bay!" an excited voice cried over the phone. "It hit in the water off the Mattituck Yacht Club!"

"Yeah? How can you tell in this fog?" I wanted to know.

The voice identified itself. The man calling was a responsible citizen who worked near the Yacht Club. "I heard it going over, heading for the Bay. Then I heard the crash in the water," he told me.

I rang off. I stared for a moment through the windows. The low-lying mists were so heavy it appeared as though someone had whitewashed the glass. I cursed my luck, grabbed my jacket and boots and yelled for two men to launch our 30-foot boat. Two sailors, George Gron and Larry Kelly, responded to my call. They stared at me with unbelieving looks when I told them we were going out.

"Get going, or I'll have your tails!" I barked. They swallowed, nodded and beat it for the boat shed. By the time I had made my log notations, awakened another man to take over and gathered up my charts, they had the boat ready.

The fog was by far the worst I had seen in 12 years of service. I took the wheel and Larry Kelly balanced himself precariously on the prow of the boat yelling instructions back to me.

"A couple of feet to port, Charlie. Steady. A shade to starboard—hold it there..." That's the way it went for the 20 or 25 minutes it took us to reach the Shinnecock Canal.

It was impossible to see more than two or three feet ahead. We felt our way into the mouth of the canal and hailed the Canal Tender. We couldn't see him but we heard his answering shouts muffled and indistinct through the fog.

"Where the hell are you goddam fools going in this soup?" he demanded. "You're crazy for trying to move an inch in this stuff!"

"There's a plane down somewhere in the Bay," I bellowed back. "Did you hear it flying over or hitting the water?"



"Not a thing," came the reply. "Someone must have given you a bum steer."

Then, as we nosed through the channel, he yelled after us. "Come to think of it, there was some kind of sound 'bout an hour ago. But in this muck it's pretty hard to hear much."

Peconic Bay swarms with craft of all kinds—from small pleasure boats to luggers and commercial fishing vessels—even chesty tugs hauling long strings of barges. Neither light nor klaxon would penetrate the soup. If we got

too close to any of the vessels in our ridiculous little cockleshell . . .

Even a minor collision would stave in our sides like matchwood. In the fog there would be little chance of being picked up before propellers sucked us under and chopped us into gobs of raw flesh.

We crawled through the bay—moving due north. We headed for a point I figured to be opposite the Mattituck Yacht Club. Altogether, the distance from our station to the reported crash scene was not much more than 15

miles as the crow flies.

Once through the canal, even the snail's pace at which we were proceeding had to be reduced.

"We'll run the damn plane down before we find it in this muck," George Gronn grumbled, joining me in the tiny enclosure around the wheel. "You'll wind up having a propeller rammed up your windlass, Schumacher. I say forget it until the fog lifts!"

I hung on to the wheel, playing with it as gently as if it had been a fragile

(Continued on page 57)

KING-SIZE TOOTHACHE

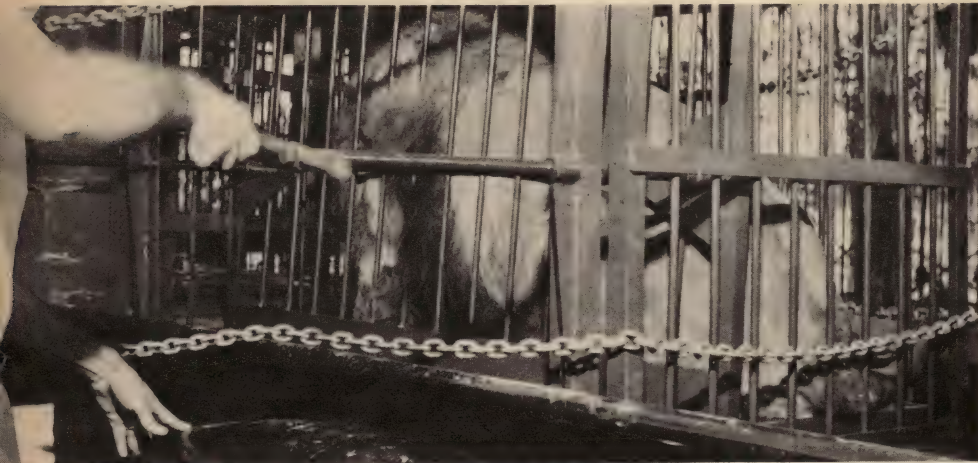
It's rugged and bloody work ripping a four-inch

molar from the aching jaw of a 500-pound lion!

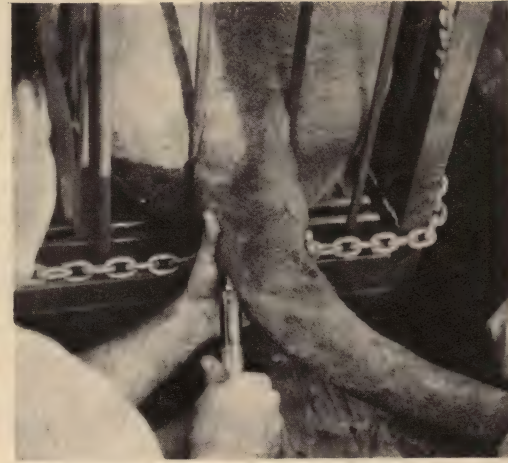
IF you've ever dreaded the thought of visiting the dentist, just consider the sad case of King, a 500-lb. lion at Miami's Crandon Park zoo. King had an aching molar that was making him progressively surlier and more ill-tempered, so finally it was decided to have a giant extraction. The King Of

The Jungle was placed in a cage the sides of which could be cranked together to hold him tight. Then two ounces of nembutol were administered through a tail vein. That's a charge that would kill a man, but it took two hours to put King asleep. Then the veterinarian went to work with ham-

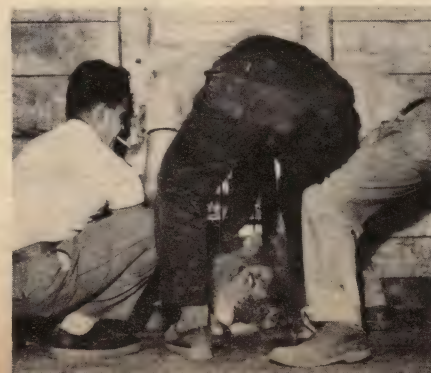
mer, chisel, saw and pliers. Finally the offending molar was yanked out, the gum stitched up and recuperation began. It took King a whole day to wake up, three days to stand and a week to recover. And then he had nothing but snarls for his dentist. Gee, just like a human!



Cage with sides that can be cranked together is used to immobilize King so that nembutol can be jabbed into his tail.



Slowly he gets sleepier and sleepier, but it takes two hours before he's out. Then that aching molar can be examined.





Chisel and hammer are used to pry loose the tooth, the whole tooth and nothing but the tooth! King sleeps on.

Two big stitches are put in King's jaw to draw wound together. He was given saline mouthwash every two hours.



And there it is, clasped in the pliers. The molar measured four inches long and was an inch and a half wide.

Twenty-four hours later King opened his eyes and snarled at everyone. It took him three days to get to his feet.



THE LADY WAS A

She was such a sweet old gal but she had an unfortunate hobby—Murder!

IT'S almost ten years since Louise Peete went down for the count—the final one, the only one that really matters, via the execution chamber—but back in San Quentin they still remember her and they still talk about her.

And Louise was something to talk about. She always had been from the time she was 15 and took off with a traveling salesman until they pulled the switch on her to pay for known murder number two. There were also two other apparently natural deaths which were possible murders connected with the lady, and four known suicides where she was definitely involved; but

with these she was not legally charged and the State had no official interest.

Lethal Louise was a lady. That is, she had been brought up to act like a lady, play sweet things on the piano and smile prettily when complimented. But somewhere along the line, and quite early in life, she picked up a few other ideas, like taking gentlemen suckers for whatever the traffic would bear, swindling, blackmail, fast-talking her way in and out of trouble, both petty and grand larceny and finally, and most anti-social of all, an addiction to murder.

And that was where she crowded her

luck, because while it's one thing to be caught and coyly confess to sin and promise to be a good girl from now on, it's quite another to come up before a jury of 12 assorted citizens and try to tell them that black is really white.

Louise was only 15 when she decided she'd fooled around long enough, that it was time to start living it up. So she married a traveling salesman, thereby pulling a switch that deserves an honorable mention in history since it marks one of the rare occasions when a traveling salesman was taken.

Because there's no doubt about it: from the very first, Henry Bosley got

Police officers examine the body of Lee Judson, husband of Louise Peete. He committed suicide after learning the truth.



KILLER

By Ana Maher

the business. Not that Louise wasn't sweet and lovely and charming. She was so sweet and lovely and charming, in fact, that the robbery victims refused to prosecute, even after the police found the stolen articles in her possession. For lady-like Louise was a thief. She stole from the other boarders in their Shreveport rooming house, she stole from Harry's friends, she stole from their various acquaintances.

She took money, she took jewels, she took clothes. In fact, she took anything that wasn't nailed down. Harry did his best to cover up for her but this sort of thing can be very embarrassing and leads to social isolation, so the newlyweds moved to Oklahoma City, to start fresh.

Within a few weeks Louise was on stealing terms there, too; and there, too, police were called in to solve the robberies and caught her with the goods. And again Louise lied and smiled and charmed and sobbed her way out of prosecution; and again they moved, this time to Dallas.

History and Louise repeated themselves in Dallas, too, and by now Bosley had had a bellyful. He was still madly in love with Louise, but he could see that they would soon run out of new places to go. Life with Louise was clearly going to be one complication after another. They split up, after some two years of marriage, and Louise got a divorce.

And as far as she was concerned, that was the end of that episode. Bosley had served his purpose by marrying her and taking her to the big city. She was now ready to move around on her own, and Bosley's suicide—a logical decision for a man who could live neither with nor without Louise—didn't faze her a bit.

Also, by that time she was already in Boston, posing as Louise Gould, a young New Orleans socialite heiress whose wealth was controlled by her guardian aunt. Boston society took the pretty young Southerner to its bosom and in no time at all Louise was operating full time there—stealing money, jewels, charging clothes on other people's accounts, blackmailing various gentlemen who were short-sighted enough to fall for her sultry charms, and so forth.



Louise Peete sobs in the police station after again being accused of murder.

She did pretty well, too, for so young a maiden, until she made the mistake of stealing a ten dollar bill from a servant in the house where she was living. (The fictitious guardian aunt was by now wickedly withholding money from her and she was staying as a guest in the home of a sweet and gullible Boston lady.)

Other members of the household began to check on their belongings, a lot of other articles and money were found to be missing, and the police were called in.

In no time at all, heiress Louise Gould was fingered as Louise Bosley of Shreveport, Oklahoma City and Dallas fame. The letters of introduction she had tendered to various social leaders from other social leaders were found to be phony and on stolen stationery.

But Louise once more escaped unjailed if not unscathed. Her social register victims preferred to suffer economic losses rather than undergo the newspaper publicity the scandal would unleash, and Louise was given 24 hours



Louise is released from Tehachapi prison after serving an 18-year prison term for the murder of Jake Denton. But her career of killing wasn't quite finished.

Police search for the body of Mrs. Logan, last of Louise's victims. They found her, shot in the neck and with her skull fractured. Louise pleaded innocence.



to get out of town.

She got, but before she did she spent a busy day in Boston department stores where she charged something like \$2,000 worth of finery—unknown at the time, of course, to the various ladies whose accounts she used. She also visited gentlemen upon whom she had at one time or another bestowed her affection and whom she milked of whatever cash they could lay their hands on in a hurry.

Louise was escorted out of town by a committee who didn't stop sweating until they heard the last shrill whistle of the train bearing her, her five trunks and her three valises far, far away.

Louise was now 20, a sexy, attractive, been-around miss who had discovered that man is the greatest sucker ever known to mankind and that people will believe anything if you'll just tell it to them.

She began to live high, wide and handsome. There were men and there were parties. There was champagne and whiskey and expensive presents; and there were also the dog days, the days of snide bellboys and overbearing desk clerks and hard-eyed pawnshop keepers. It was up and down, but all in all Louise managed to get along. As long as there was a man left on earth, Louise knew, she'd never have any real trouble.

She was still a popular kid in 1913 when she again came to the attention of the police, this time in Dallas and in connection with what a grand jury later decided was the suicide of one Harry Faurote.

Exactly what went on between Louise and Faurote is largely speculation. Faurote was a desk clerk in a hotel, Louise a guest. Faurote was a man and Louise was willing. There were rumors of a stolen diamond ring, with Faurote covering up for his love; there were also rumors that Faurote was completely innocent, merely the little lady's fall guy, which seemed more likely. Louise herself told half a dozen conflicting stories and swore each one was the absolute, no-kidding truth.

One thing is certain: Faurote met Louise, Faurote died. Either he committed suicide because of the suspicion which had unjustly settled upon him or he committed suicide because he was in love with Louise and realized she was poison.

Anyway, a man more or less, or a death more or less meant little to Louise. Her only acknowledgement of the event consisted in packing her bags and leaving town.

How she met a good, kind and un-
(Continued on page 55)



THEY BURN OUT YOUR PAIN

Turn the page for some of the most remarkable photos ever published!



This young woman, who nursed her baby throughout painful treatment, had been complaining of severe back ache.

It is not at all unusual to find laughing, happy babies held on their mothers' laps as bodies burn around them.



A woman weeps silently from the excruciating agony of a "moxibustion." Note smoke arising from her seared flesh.

An attendant uses a small whisk broom to sweep away the ashes from this patient's spine. Pellets are wormwood.





A long line of young women sit passively as the Chinese wormwood pellets sear into their flesh, supposedly curing ills.

AN age-old cure for every possible ill is being kept alive in Japan. Called "moxacautery" in English and "okyu" in Japanese, the ritual is performed in Tokyo temples where people line up in great numbers to be given this agonizing treatment which probably few Occidentals could bear.

It consists in placing small pellets called "moxa"—prepared from Chinese wormwood—directly on vital spots of the body. The rite is based on the teachings of the Buddhist priest and philosopher Kobo-Daishi.

The slow-burning discs are ignited,

and they burn deep into the flesh of the tortured patient. It is the most painful process imaginable, and it is not at all uncommon to see a roomful of patients weeping silently in agony as the wood burns into their bodies.

When the flesh stops burning, an adhesive plaster is placed on the treated spot and the patient is "cured" of his ailment. The Japanese believe strongly in this method, but it's extremely doubtful if it will ever become popular in this country!

These remarkable photos were taken inside a Japanese temple.

Aged husband and wife have traveled from country to country to take an "okyu cure."





BLOOD ON THE MOON

**Their guns were ready, and
when the moon rose over the desert
there would be pain, terror
and sudden death!**

By Tom Godwin

THE BOY sat still and quiet on the bench by the wall as he had been ordered to do, question and uncertainty on his face as he looked from Botman back to Welder. Welder looked away from him, not wanting to think of how soon they would have to kill him; wishing again that the boy had not walked by the bank in time to be the only witness to the killing and wishing it could have been some place other than in the silent, empty shell of the house where he had been born.

Botman shifted in his chair, the yellow light from the lamp on the table catching the quick, nervous flicker of his eyes.

"We can't wait much longer," he said. "When that car behind us gets here and they see the road washed out, they'll know we're on foot in the desert and close ahead of 'em."

"They'll think we kept on down the road when they see the New York plates on our car," Welder said. "Strangers along this short-cut wouldn't know about that pass to the west. We'll go as soon as the moon gives us light to travel."

The boy swallowed and hesitantly asked the question again. "Why won't you tell me—what will you do with me when you go? Will you leave me here or—or what?"

Botman answered without turning his head. "We'll leave you here. Shut up about it." He spoke to Welder. "We don't have any water but that thermos bottle in the car. I'd better get it now so we won't overlook it."

The boy leaned forward on the bench the moment Botman was out the door, his eyes intent on Welder. "Could I—would you let me ask something?"

"What is it?"

"Will you just leave me here, like he said?"

"We'll leave you here."

The tension and uncertainty seemed to leave the boy. "I didn't know, and

I was afraid."

"Don't ask about it anymore."

The boy obeyed, sitting very quietly on the bench again. There was a silence broken only by the sigh of the night wind as it drifted through the glassless windows. Welder looked about him at the once-familiar room, finding that 30 years had altered it to barren lifelessness, leaving nothing he had known in the past but the metal shelf above the bench where the boy sat. The ornamental brackets were dull and tarnished but it was the same shelf he had run into the year he was 13, the sharp corner of it leaving a scar on his forehead he would always carry.

That had been the night that the way of life he had known for 13 years was to end. His father had died in a mine cave-in the next day and his mother, never strong, had lived only three months longer. He had been sent away to the East; to a distant relative who accepted him in the manner of one forced by duty to assume an unwanted burden. The transition had been lonely and unpleasant but by the time he was 15 he had learned that the old way of life could never be again and that wishing was a futile thing. By the time he was 17 he had adapted himself to the new environment and almost forgotten the old. And by the time he was 20 he had learned there was nothing in the world that money or a .38 could not get for him.

Botman came back in, the thermos bottle in one hand and an open pint of whiskey in the other.

"That car is closer," he said, setting the thermos bottle and whiskey on the table with a quick, jerky movement. "A lot closer than we thought, and now you can see the lights of another car right behind it."

"We'll be gone when they get here," Welder said.

"Not if we keep waitin' like this. It's a murder rap if they get us and I

say we go right now before it's too late."

"We'll have to wait for the moon to give us light."

"We'll do this: we'll wait just 15 minutes more." There was flat finality in Botman's tone. "If there's no moonrise by then, we take care of the kid and get out of here without waitin' any longer."

"No!" The boy blurted the word, making it a small explosive sound. He sat rigid on the bench, one hand at his throat and all the color suddenly going from his face. "You're not going to just leave me—you're going to kill me!"

No one answered him. He turned to Welder imploringly, and Welder looked away from him. Botman took another drink of the whiskey, grimacing at the burn of it, and said, "Sorry, kid. You'd tell the law what we look like and where we're headed. It's you or us."

"But I didn't—I was only walking past the bank. I didn't ever do anything to anybody. You won't kill me for that, will you?"

He waited for an answer, his eyes going from one to the other of them, but the only sound in reply was the rustle of the night wind as it drifted through the room.

Then he moved with a quickness that almost caught Welder off-guard. The bench rattled against the wall as he left it and he ran to the open door, hugging the wall behind Welder and running with the swiftness of a cornered fawn making a last break for life. Welder wheeled, the chair crashing to the floor, and he caught the thin shoulder as the boy's outstretched hand touched the door jamb. He flung the boy back with a sweep of his arm and the boy reeled helplessly back into the bench. His knee struck it and he threw up his hand too late to protect himself from the metal shelf. His forehead struck the sharp corner of it with

(Continued on page 48)

You can be taken unless you listen

closely to those radio and TV ads!

“I CHEAT YOU... EVERY DAY!”

By Meredith Wood

THE woman on the phone let her rage be known at the outset. “It shocks me to think,” she accused the radio station manager, “that just for the chance to make a dollar you’ll broadcast ads that you know very well are misleading or outright crooked.”

When the manager succeeded in calming her she went back to the beginning of her story. She’d responded to the commercial of an apparel shop: “Dresses valued at \$39.95, offered in clearance for only \$12.95.” Unable to shop the store in person, she’d phoned in her order for two. Her examination of the delivered dresses readily disclosed their inferior quality; far from deserving the claimed \$39.95 price tag, they were selling for no more than \$10 or \$12 in several shops. She’d been duped into buying something she hadn’t really wanted, paying the full price for a so-called bargain.

Why didn’t she complain to the store?

She had. The proprietor denied that he’d represented all dresses on sale to be \$39.95 values. Maybe the radio station had made a mistake or maybe she hadn’t listened very closely.

I was summoned to produce the commercials. Scanning it, my employer spoke again into the phone. “I’m sorry, but the ad says ‘dresses valued to \$39.95, not at.’” He’d be glad to show it to her if she cared to drop by. However, his suggestion was that she simply return the dresses.

“I tried to,” she answered, “but they won’t take them back.”

The manager’s face pinked as his eyes traveled further down the sheet of paper; three words caught his attention—“all sales final.” Now he understood her trap. He looked up at me sheepishly while repeating the phraseology of the commercial and extending softspoken regrets to the housewife. Indeed she couldn’t hold us responsible for what amounted to her own misinterpretation of the ad.

As the ad writer I was in the clear, though this assurance failed to banish all sense of guilt in me. Carpenters have special ways of pulling nails, dentists teeth, and ad writers suckers. In this business double-talk and the tongue-in-cheek are the payoffs.

The use of that word “to” was no accident. It’s one of a huckster’s deliberate tools of technique: cleverly the prefacing “up” is left out because two words won’t fool you as easily into thinking you heard, read

or saw on your TV screen "values at" or "values of." Again, the fewer words used in announcing that "all sales (are) final," the more likely that some inattentive listeners, newspaper readers or TV viewers will completely miss the statement.

Yet knowing that you play an everyday role in such subtle and delicate swindles of unwary persons is not an antidote for insomnia. Believe me, there are men and women in this craft who don't gloat or derive anything like fiendish pleasure from snagging gullible caretakers of family budgets. But they go on snagging them—they like to insure daily calories for their family, too. The bald truth is that merchandisers who insist that more customers can be won via sucker-bait methods pay a sizable share of virtually any ad writer's salary, which shows how a choosey copywriter's salary could suddenly cease.

In a dinner conversation, however, the copywriter with a conscience would freely offer the following cases as advice and fair warning. There is, for example, the perennial sensationalist who often demands that even absurd "motivating elements" be included in his copy. Last January a fur dealer first wanted me to twist the slogan of a famous New York store.

It came out as, "NEVER . . . no, NEVER have first-quality furs sold at such history-making low prices!" Then to completely topple over the suckers, he rifled home another claim: "... furs going at way below original wholesale cost." Who, actually would stay in business for the sake of losing money—even paying for ads to coax women into helping him throw away more of it?

But the lie worked. Business, related the happy dealer, turned out swell.

"Come-on" gimmicks take a number of shapes. One of the favorites, used recently by an appliance dealer, is to offer an extraordinary discount on some famous-brand

item. To start with, the average consumer is aware that fair-traded brands are sold at the same price in all stores. He'll be pleasantly attracted to something like, "A true \$100 discount on new XYZ Refrigerators while they last!"

Careful now. Realize first that a dealer's average markup on a standard refrigerator, into which no promotional costs are allowed to cut, will barely yield him the size of profit he's seemingly willing to fling out the window. But strain probability and say that he *is* willing to give up that much. What might be his special reason?

In the current case, the dealer pluralized the refrigerators subject to the big discount—and after all, there were two! He covered himself by that qualifying "while they last" pitch, which cleared the way for another he held in readiness for thrifty hopefuls: "Sorry, but we've just got rid of the last refrigerator in that special group. Now over here (surely you must *need* a refrigerator or why did you come in?) we have the perfect thing . . ." And abruptly the true motive behind the use of vastly appealing—and misleading—come-on gimmicks is bared: to get sure prospects *into the store* for what is known as on-the-spot "hard sell."

The telephone is your best help in avoiding disappointments and ensuing exposures to high-pressurization. Call before you leap. Check on the ad's generalities by demanding specific facts about the sale item, such as condition, size, price, trade-ins you'll be required to make, etc. Will they hold one on the side for ten or fifteen minutes, the time it'll take you to get over? Suspect the dealer who is reluctant to comply with all of these *rightful* requests.

A detailed telephone pre-check will also smoke the truth out of the deceiver who deliberately takes advantage of the public's definition of "brand new." You immediately think of this year's model. If a particularly

(Continued on page 49)



Death is never far from the frontline soldiers; two GI's clad in camouflaged dungarees duck the burst of a mortar shell.

THE HELL OF BATTLE

TO THOSE who have seen war at first hand, there is neither glory nor glamor to the swirling, blasting, bloody maelstrom of battle . . .

The Gods of War feed on human flesh and the shrieking horror of violent death in all its hellish forms . . .

The combat soldier does not think of war in terms of waving flags or brass bands. To him it means filth and fear and the stink of decaying corpses. Combat means running

and ducking and shooting and stabbing. It means exhaustion and terror and the gut-wrenching panic that follows the whining path of a high-explosive shell . . .

Combat means killing—and being killed . . .

The wars of the 20th Century have reaped a grisly harvest. In World War I, 14,000,000 uniformed men on both sides were slaughtered. At least as many civilians perished from bombings and shellings and famine and pestilence.

There is no time to bury the dead—or even give them a second glance. Just reload and hope you'll live it out.



The dead make way to protect the living: GI's fighting in the Philippines dug out skeletons to make foxholes.





Paratroopers died by the thousands and their proud tradition called for the bodies to be buried in parachutes.

The toll taken by the global holocaust of World War II was even more staggering. Together, all belligerents lost more than 40,000,000 killed between 1939 and 1945. Of these, 16,000,000 were soldiers, sailors and airmen—the remainder civilians.

Forty million human cadavers—more than 2,600,000 tons of torn, tortured, smashed, burned, mutilated flesh, bone and muscle—a fearsome, charnel burden for a war-weary earth.

Even the Korean conflict—a “small” and localized “police action”—exactd a terrible price. United Nations dead totalled more than 50,000; the majority were South Koreans, with Americans killed next in number. Reliable estimates place Communist battle-deaths at well over one million!

One of the most dramatic photos of World War II: man at left was killed by fragments of German 88-mm. shell exploding.



This truck was plainly marked with a red cross, but it was strafed by Nazi planes. All within burned to death.

No, there are no flamboyant heroics or romantic thrills in war for the combat soldier . . .

The American GI who fought at Ypres or Guadalcanal or along the Naktong hated war. To him, battles were grim, dirty ordeals. His goal: to do a necessary job and end the deadly business as quickly as possible. Yet history has shown that the U.S. soldier has always fought gallantly and well for his own freedom—and that of the oppressed peoples and nations.

There are signs today that perhaps the world has tired of war. U.S. President Dwight D. Eisenhower, himself a veteran soldier who knows and detests war, has taken a lead in trying to ease international tensions and suspicions. In public statements and international conferences, he has





GI prisoner, hands lashed, was shot down by Korean Reds.



North Korean slaughtered as he tried to throw grenades.



German spy was tried, convicted, shot by a firing squad.



Hundreds of captured GI's were butchered by Communists.

Charred body of Red tankman lies atop his gutted tank.



urged the nations of the earth to do all in their power to avoid another conflict.

If any further argument for peaceful settlement of international controversies is needed, none could be more eloquent or effective than the photographs printed on these pages. They are terrifying reminders of the destruction and waste and horror of war.

There is another lesson in these pictures, however—one that dictators and aggressors and oppressors might well learn. Taken by U.S. Army combat photographers, the pictures demonstrate that there is no weakness in Democracy, that the American soldier will fight and die, if necessary, to protect the basic liberties his heritage tells him are shared by all men.

If the cold, cynical men of the Kremlin and Peiping and the other walled strongholds of tyranny throughout the world can look at these photographs and still want war—then there is indeed little hope for humanity!

THE END



International law provides for the safety of prisoners of war—but it is law frequently forgotten in the fury of all-out battle. Nine U. S. airmen bailed out of their damaged bomber over Zilly, Germany, in 1944. They were immediately executed by the Nazis. At the war's end, a

graves registration unit found the grave in which their bodies had been dumped. This ghastly corpse was third to be recovered. Perhaps if the world's leaders could be forced to view photos like this one, our chances of achieving a lasting peace would become immeasurably better.

"DEATH RODE MY BACK"

"I cursed the insane dream of fast wealth that had

brought me to die in this God-forsaken hell-hole!"

By George L. Neumann

YOU DIE hard in the arid, trackless wilderness of America's fantastic new uranium-rich frontier. A few dozen miles from any of the rip-roaring, Wild-West towns dotting the vast, sun-baked wastes of the Colorado Plateaus—and you might as well be wandering around on the moon!

You're out there prospecting for the world's most valuable ore, playing for a million-buck strike, but you know a pint of water can be worth more than all the uranium in the Universe.

A wrong turn, a miscalculation of a mile or so and you're gone. The sun beats down and broils your flesh. The superheated sand and the rock bake the soles of your feet. You last only as long as your water lasts, then you're done!

And just before you try to retch up your parched and dust-caked guts in one last, agonized protest against death—you manage to croak out a final curse. You lie on the red-hot earth and your insides twist and grind, and you curse the priceless ore that remains hidden somewhere in the wild hills.

Yeah, you curse it all right. And then, when your eyeballs burn holes into your skull you sob pitifully, regretting the fool's dream of big money that brought you to your death.

But Pete Andersen and I had no way of knowing these things a year ago. Fed up with our 9-to-5 office routines, we scraped together every dime we could lay our hands on and headed West, to Moab, Utah. All we cared about was that other guys had gotten rich out there on the Colorado Plateaus. Penniless characters, armed with little more than picks, shovels, canteens, frying pans and Geiger Counters, had become millionaires overnight!

Carnotite, the uranium-packed ore, was being discovered in large quantities in the region. Uncle Sugar's Atomic Energy Commission was paying fabulous dough for the precious stuff. The latest atomic ore strike was the biggest Bonanza since the days of the Gold Rush!

"We gotta take a crack at it," I had argued with Pete. "We know more

about geology than most guys. We've knocked around enough to rough it without too much trouble, and we may damn well get rich!"

We had a little over \$2,000 to start with. By the time we bought the basic supplies — bedrolls, Geiger Counter, tools, a second-hand jeep — we were down to less than \$700.

"Enough for two months—if we're careful," Pete figured. "Besides, we can get jobs to tide us over if we run short."

It was a broiling hot day in June, 1954, when we hit Moab. The town was a madhouse straight out of a Hollywood Horse Opera. Prices were sky-high. Except for the fact that the heat-seared streets were lined with dusty trucks and automobiles, Moab might have been Dodge City in the days of Wells-Fargo and the Pony Express.

"Jesus! Everybody's trying to look like Gary Cooper!" Pete remarked as he turned the jeep into the main street of the town. "Whar's the Last Chance saloon . . .?" he kidded.

I had to laugh. Pete was right. Practically every man along the dreary drag looked like a character out of a Western. Moab was a boom town, all right. The owner of the grimy, beatup motel who diddled us out of a week's pay for a few hours' sleep on our first night yawned and snorted when we told him we were heading into the desert. I thought he was going to charge us extra for pointing the way to the town clerk's office where we hoped to get our maps.

"That bastard!" Pete exploded, wheeling the jeep out of the place. "I guess he's making *his* million the easy way . . ."

By the following morning we were well out of Moab, heading south toward the border between Utah and Arizona. The old jeep lay heavy on its tired springs and rolled sluggishly down the secondary highway we had chosen. There was enough junk piled, stacked and tied on the back and sides to start a medium-sized department store.

There are thousands of square miles of land along the Colorado Plateau that have never been explored. Waterless, criss-crossed with grim, forbidding mountains and deep, rock arroyos, the area is utterly uninhabitable. Only a

few Indian shepherders occasionally wander around in the hills.

We left the road about 70 miles south of Moab and struck across the rugged table-land. We had chosen a section of country in which no claims had yet been filed.

"Ain't nobody much worked that land over yet," a grizzled surveyor had told us. "But I'd watch myself goin' in there. It's so rough even the rattlesnakes give it a detour . . ."

The jeep bounced and groaned and strained across the rocky ground. The heat was unbelievable. Sweat poured down our bodies and the metal sides



of the vehicle were red-hot to the touch.

We were finally out in the wilds, out where the uranium and a million bucks lay almost anywhere in the rocks. We were gripped by a fever, the same madness that had sent the '49-ers and sourdoughs on their frantic searches. It's a virulent disease—the money fever—and a contagious one . . .

We reached some low knolls just before dusk and stopped to make camp. The fantastic, unearthly grandeur of the badlands hit us both as we watched the sun drop behind the range of mountains to the west. Long, deep, purple shadows spread across the stark loneliness of the cruel landscape. Night fell, and a billion and one stars blazed. The air—hot as the breath of a blast furnace by day—cooled rapidly and I shuddered, feeling a chill breeze whipping across the plain.

Pete and I turned in early and awoke when the first hot rays of the morning sun clawed across our eyes. We decided to leave the jeep and set out on

foot to reconnoiter the nearby hills. There was plenty of sandstone in evidence. That's the first thing to look for when prospecting for carnotite. The precious mineral appears in sandstone in lemon-yellow streaks.

On the third day, we found ourselves in the middle of a tangle of jagged, rock-strewn hills. It was impossible to take the jeep any further in the direction we were heading, so we made camp.

I dreamed about making a big strike that night and never having to return to the drudgery of monotonous jobs in the Baltimore engineering firm where Andersen and I had been employed. The dream was still with me when I climbed out of my blankets. I was all hopped up and hurried through breakfast. Pete shared my excitement.

We gathered our gear together. At the last minute, I decided to change my shirt. The one I was wearing was a little too ripe—even for my role as a prospecting desert-rat. I soaked a handkerchief in a cup of water and

rubbed down my arms and chest before slipping into the clean khaki.

"I want to be properly dressed in case we become millionaires all of a sudden," I joked. Nonetheless, I felt the clean shirt was going to bring us luck, somehow.

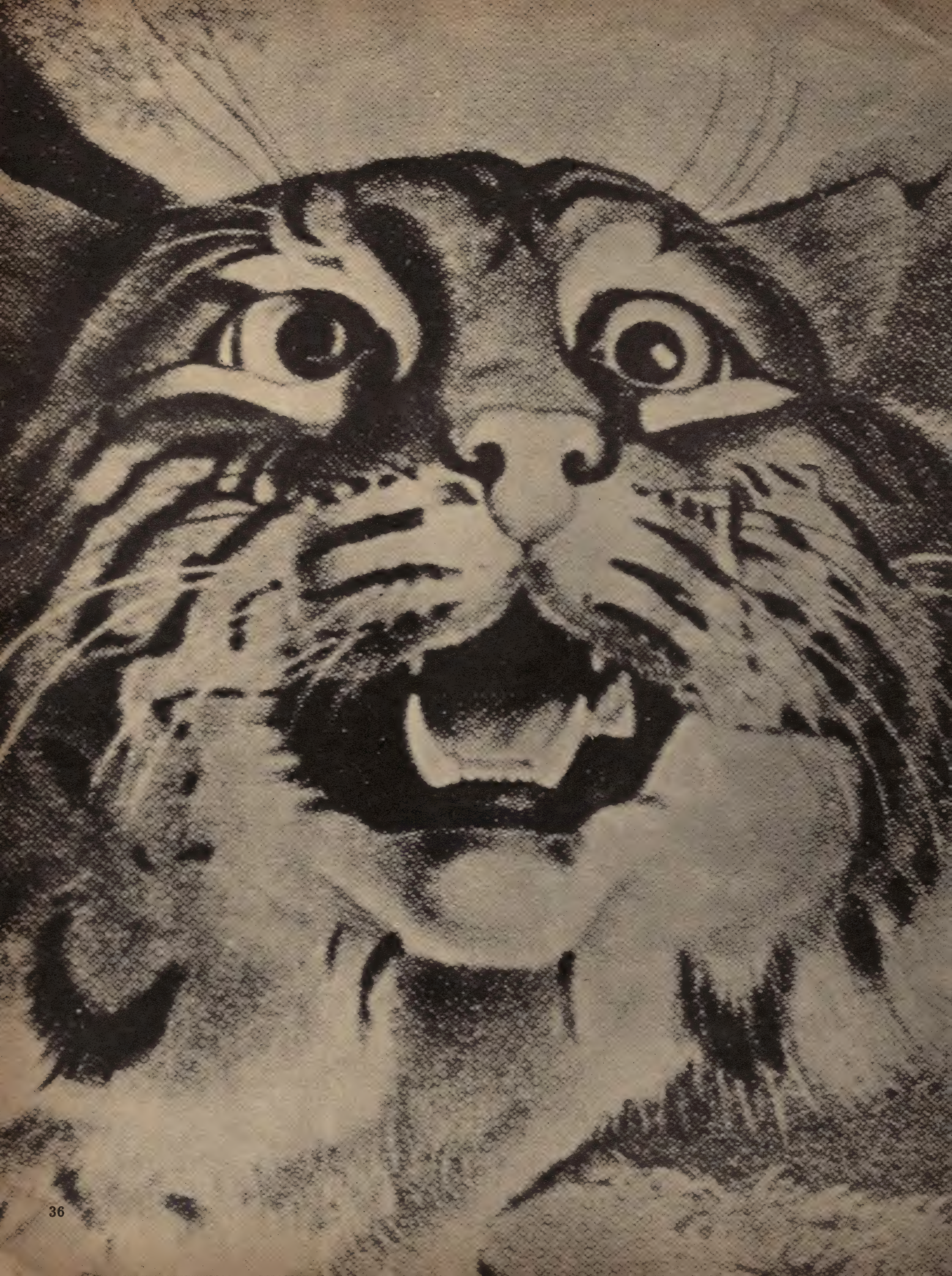
We headed up a deeply-cleft draw between two hills. The rocks bruised our feet, even through the thick soles of our boots. Every 100 yards or so we stopped and I washed down the area with the Geiger, hopefully listening for the noisy clatter that would signal we were near pay dirt.

Pete chipped rock from sandstone and did everything but sniff the chunks looking for the tell-tale yellow of the carnotite. The day wore on and we plodded through the scorching heat, our clothing soaked with perspiration.

We grabbed a quick bite of canned corned beef and some crackers about noon, flushing the food down with the tepid, brackish water from our canteens. We crossed over the ragged spine

(Continued on page 50)





HELL-CATS ARE MURDER!

"These feline buzz-saws pack more murderous fury

per ounce than any other animal. Ask me—I know!"

By Clark Balcom

WANT A quick trip to a surgical ward? It's easy. Just mix a couple of raging, half-starved ocelots. Do it the way I did—in the matted tangle of dry brush of a remote Colombian canon.

But be sure your insurance is paid up before you pull the same damn-fool stunt I pulled. The vicious, savage hell-cats are pure murder. The feline buzzsaws weigh in at close to 75 pounds and they pack more fury per ounce than any other South American animal. I know. I've trapped everything that walks, crawls, runs, slithers, swims or flies "South of the Border."

Don't get me wrong. Tame, domesticated ocelots make fine pets. They're easy to tame, provided you start the process when they're still very young kittens. It's the adult, wild ocelot in his native habitat that spells trouble. He'll do his best to kill you by biting through your throat or digging your guts right out of your belly with his scalpel-sharp claws.

I'm something of an expert on the subject. I learned about ocelots from two enraged members of the breed. I still carry the diplomas they gave me—livid, ragged scars covering wounds that almost cost my life.

I guess I should never have wandered off without knowing where the hell I was going on that broiling hot afternoon in May. But the day had been hot, long and filled with nothing but frustrating disappointments.

My crew of native trappers had been gold-bricking for days. It was a motley gang of *mestizos* and God knows what that I had hired in Baranquilla. Time means nothing to the independent characters.

I needed tapirs, monkeys, spectacled bears, snakes and ocelot cubs. I was in Colombia on my annual collecting trip for the Wild Animal Compound, wholesale wild animal dealers in Vero Beach, Florida. My men and I had been at our up-river camp on the Rio Magdalena for three days and the results had been worse than discouraging.

"Perhaps you can make your men work a little more rapidly?" I asked Tomas, the sad-faced boss of the trapping crew.

"Oh, *si*. *Si*, *senor*," he nodded vehemently. And forgot all about it.

It doesn't do much good to yell at the mixed-breed trappers who hire out to "*Loco Americano*" animal collectors in Colombia. At best, they'll just stare at you, nod, and go back to sleep. At worst? The *hombres* get mad as hell and walk off the job. Sometimes they'll leave you a souvenir, a knife with a well-honed blade and a wooden handle. Of course, they'll leave it in your back—but then you're no longer in any condition to care.

Other times, an "insulted" crew will take off in the middle of the night—leaving nothing behind. Not even a can of beans or your clean socks. Either way, you wind up

stranded—90 miles from Baranquilla. Which in that country is the same as being a million miles from nowhere!

That's why I didn't say much when Tomas told me his men needed a "little hour of *siesta*" shortly after two o'clock. I'd been through it before. I just nodded and showed what I hoped was a sufficiently wolf-like grin.

"Sure, take a little hour," I said nastily. "Take a big one. Take two, if you want."

Tomas's "*Muchos gracias, senor*," was lost on me. Completely.

Colombian "bring-em-back-alive" expeditions generally follow the same stylized pattern. It's a form of polite blackmail. For three or four days, the men always horse around. Then the exasperated collector is expected to offer bonuses based on the number of animals the natives bring in per day. This ties a can to the tail of the strawboss who gets the lion's share of the money. He, in turn, drives the *mestizos*—and they bring in the specimens.

I looked around the sloppy camp Tomas's crew had made in the shade of a clump of trees. The men were already asleep. I figured they would be ripe for the cash clincher the next morning.

I turned to Tomas who was settling down on his blanket. "Have fun sleeping my pesos away, *muchacho*," I leered down at him. I would have liked to pat his flat head with an axe.

"*Si*, *sleep*," was the only answer I got. Then he began to snore.

I bit my tongue and walked away rapidly—before the urge to commit mayhem became too strong. I lit a cigaret but it tasted lousy in the muggy heat. Impatient, a little angry, I decided to hike to the ridgeline of a razor-back hill that sloped up from the valley floor about a mile away.

The ridge would be a good place from which to reconnoiter the area and plan what I hoped would be the accelerated trapping operations of the next day. Most of the hill was sheathed in an interlaced matting of dry brush and vegetation but I spotted what looked like a natural trail of barren patches and rock outcroppings leading to the top.

"*Senor. Excusa, Senor Balcom*." I looked around at the sound of the thin, reedy voice. Gordo, the youngest member of Tomas's crew, was standing at my shoulder. Now "Gordo" means fat, or obese, in Spanish. The men called this 15-year-old kid "Gordo" with what I thought was cruel, sarcastic humor.

God knows what the boy's real name was—but he was anything but fat. He was thin, scrawny, almost to the point of emaciation. There was something pathetic about the kid. Tomas and the others gave him all the dirty details and sometimes slapped him around.

"Yeah, Gordo, what is it?" I asked. The boy was starved for friendship and terribly eager to learn English. He tagged after me at every opportunity in the hopes of picking up a few new words.

"You—you are going a-way?"

"Taking a walk," I nodded. "Come on, we'll go together, *en lo de la montana*—up on the mountain side."

Gordo's bony face broke out in a tremendous smile. He slammed the hat he held in his hands back on his head and patted the machete hanging from his belt.

"I cut the trail?" he begged. I nodded again.

We talked steadily as we moved over the level ground. Most of it had to do with English equivalents of Spanish words he threw at me.

"Fuego? Fire. Huevos? Eggs . . ." That sort of thing.

The chatter stopped when we reached the foot of the hill. It got a little rough as we started up. The slope was steeper than I had anticipated and the brush was hip-high. Gordo moved ahead and hacked at the worst of it with his machete.

We moved fairly slowly for the better part of an hour. I stopped when we reached a humped finger of ground near the crest and took a drink from my canteen.

"Agua?" I asked Gordo, seeing that he had not brought a water-bottle.

"Water," he grinned back. "*Si—gracias*. Thank you."

I laughed and handed him the canteen. He took a small swallow or two and carefully wiped off the neck before recapping it and passing it over to me.

We were high enough to get a fairly good view of the surrounding terrain. Behind us were the trees under which Tomas and his tramps were sleeping. Off to the right was a broad, green jungle valley. Plenty of trees, plenty of monkeys there, I noted.

A few miles to the left, the Rio Magdalena cut through the verdant jungle vegetation. I thought I could even see the place where we had beached our boats, leaving them under the guard of two armed *mestizos*.

Over everything lay a hot blanket of sticky air. The sun had long passed its zenith but it was still fiery hot.

"Hey! Look there!" I exclaimed, pointing down the reverse slope of the hill. The brush was moving and shaking from the slow passage of some good-sized animal. It was impossible to tell what it was from the distance. Probably tapir or peccary, I decided.

Gordo stared in the direction I pointed. His eyes lighted up and he yanked his machete off his belt.

"*Si! Si!*" he chortled. "We catch him, maybe?"

I was about to laugh the suggestion off. But the kid looked so eager I couldn't say no. Besides, the thought of Gordo and I returning to camp, having captured some animal by ourselves, appealed to me. It would shame Tomas and his lazy slobs and make the boy look good. Instead of using my head, I fell in love with the idea.

"Sure, *amigo*," I replied finally. "We'll try anyway—and show up those *poco* bastards."

The boy was in glory. He didn't hesitate. Hefting his machete in his small hand, he took off down the hill as though he had been jabbed in the fanny with an ice-pick.

I smiled at the ludicrous sight of the toothpick-thin youngster barrelling down the slope. He waved his machete like a cavalryman charging at an enemy. I started after him.

Gordo was about 300 yards in front of me and halfway down the hill when he suddenly swerved off to his left. He tried to stop, stumbled and fell forward. He disappeared from view, hidden by the thick underbrush.

I thought it was funny. The kid's eager, headlong rush had ended in a sprawling pratfall.

Then I heard his terrified scream. "*Dios! Senor!*" Gordo's shrill cry was at once filled with fear and pain.

"Hold on! I'm coming!" I shouted and sprinted forward. I had no idea of what had happened but I was certain the boy was in serious trouble.

Dry twigs and brush tore at my clothes as I rushed down the slope. Gordo's shrieks grew louder. I raced toward the sound of his voice. I was following the same route he had used. I searched vainly for a glimpse of the boy as I ran, hoping at least to see some movement in the brush.

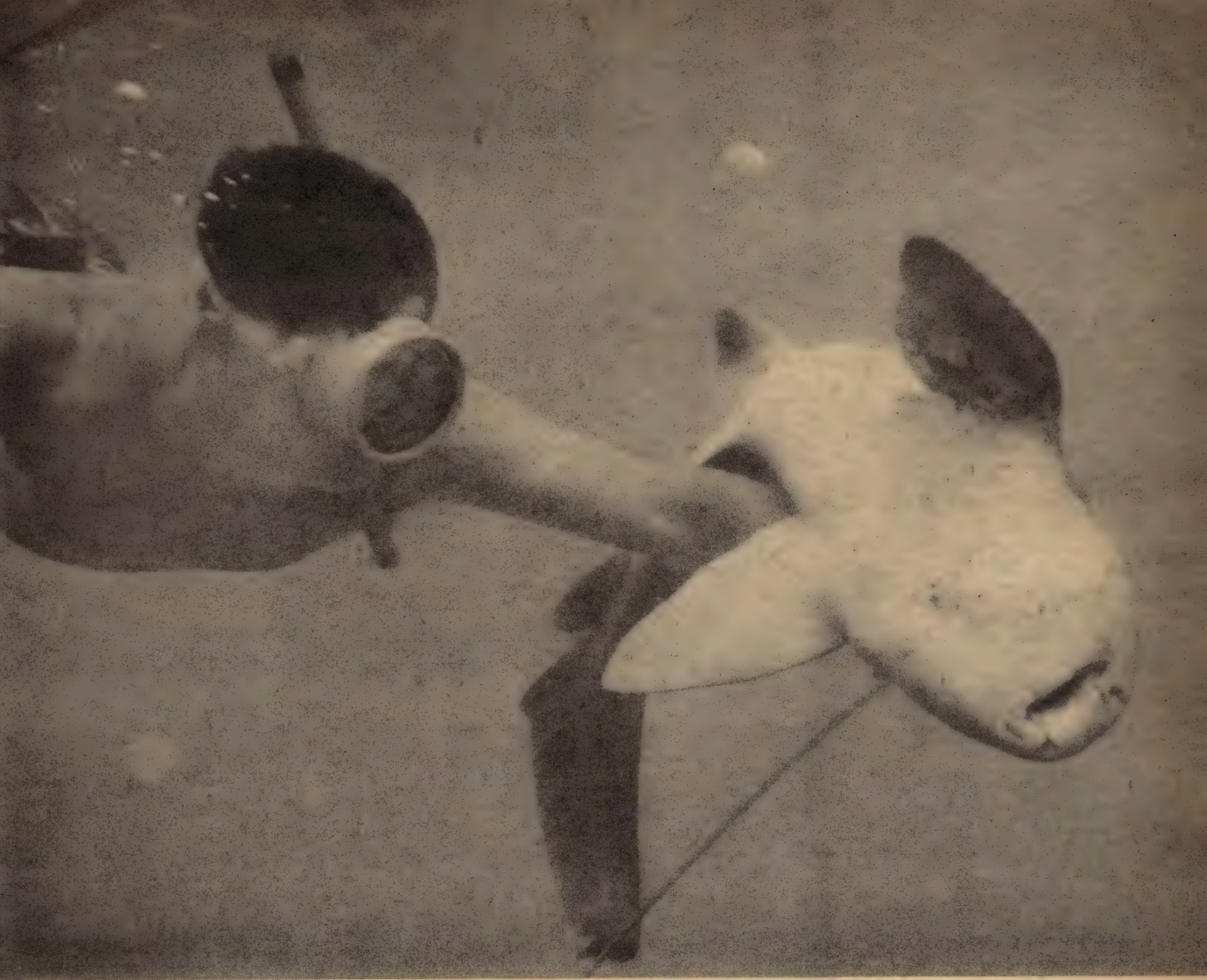
Without warning my feet slid out from under me and I found myself sliding and falling! I clutched frantically at the bushes around me but the brittle twigs shredded off in my hand. I flailed at the air as I fell and smashed painfully against a rock outcropping. I yelped in shock and surprise as I bounced and rolled 15 or 20 feet before tumbling to a stop against a clump of brush.

Dazed, I heard Gordo's voice very near me. I managed to get my bearings and stand up. I saw that I had fallen over the lip of a small crevasse or *canon* that had been formed by a landslide. The brush extending to the very

(Continued on page 60)

The ocelot makes a fine pet—when it's a cub. But when full-grown, it's a sly, stinking, filthy killer of the jungle.





Biggest fish caught was this nurse shark weighing over 35 pounds. Diver is Charles Blakeslee of the California Dolphins.

FISH! SPEAR! ACTION!

U.S. Navy team came from Cuba for the meet. They placed third with 207 lbs.



Looking for new thrills? Try underwater spearfishing — it's tops for action, danger, suspense!

FIFTEEN holders of spearfishing titles from all over the U.S. met in Key West, Florida, recently for a gruelling four-hour battle in the Atlantic to determine the national spearfishing championship.

One thousand and sixty pounds of fish came within range of the deadly spears with the champ title going to the Pindar brothers, Art, Fred and Don, who were entered under the team title of the "Tritons."

Rules of the meet allowed contestants to use any type spear they wished and snorkels—but no self-contained breathing outfits were permitted. The winning trio used the most primitive-type spears: Hawaiian slings made of rubber and bamboo, propelling a spear of cold rolled steel. Other teams used mechanical guns. The Tritons dived to 10-60 feet and brought up 281 pounds of fish. The Dolphins placed second with 213 pounds.



Boats carrying teams fan out from main ship at Key West.



Two members of Muirmen come up for a deep breath of air.



Underwater hunter uses mask and snorkel but no air tank.

Divers were not allowed to use boats for transportation.



Don Pindar boats a large grouper. Don won one-man prize.

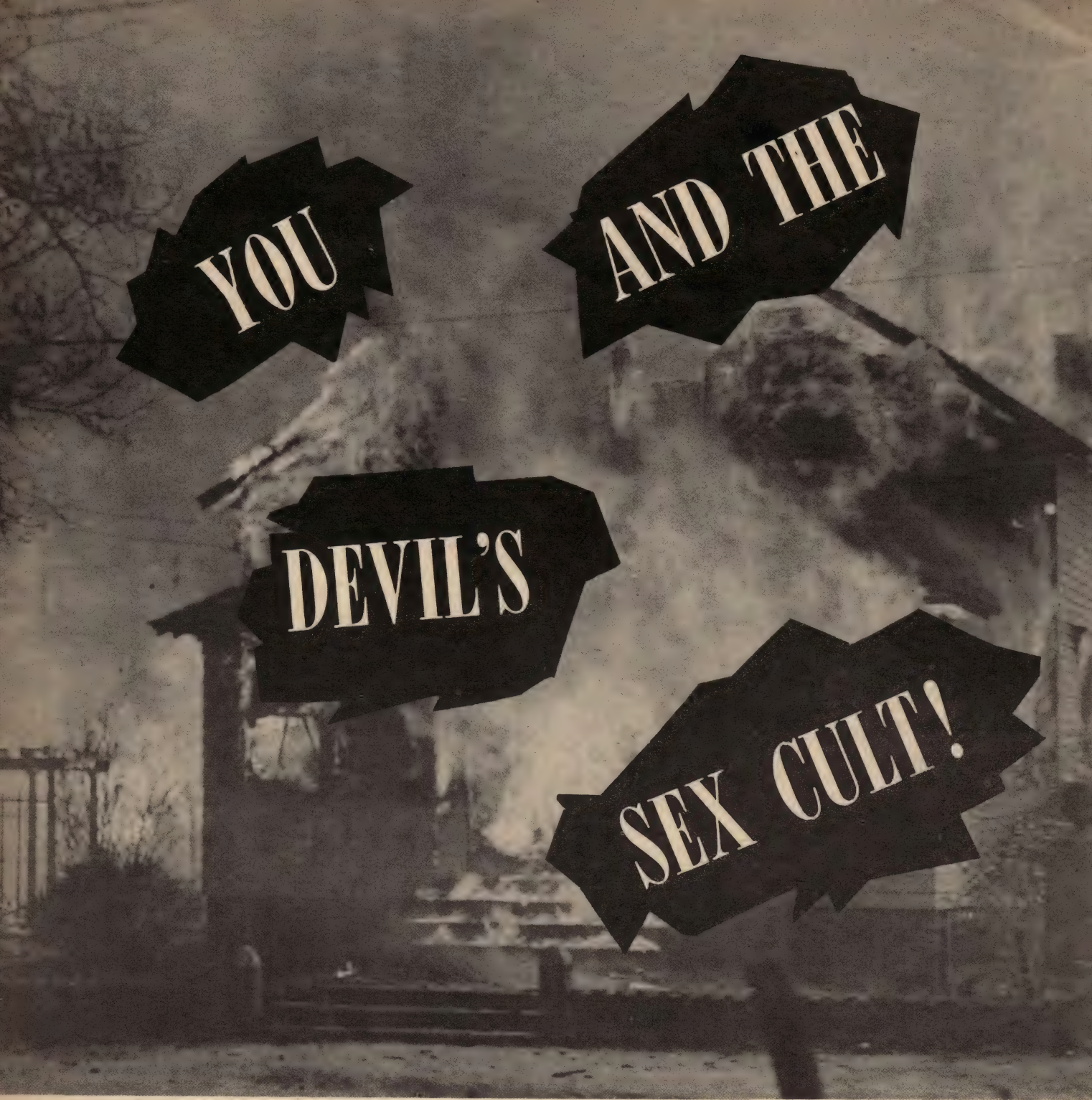
Fred Pindar with a small grouper. He and brothers won.





Diver has just speared large blowfish. He is stabbing it with knife to let out air and water, making it easier to boat. Contest was judged by weight of fish. Donald, Fred and Arthur Pindar, top U.S. spearfishing champs. Nice going, boys!





Here are the startling, shameful reasons why men

get satisfaction from starting fiendish blazes!

By R. J. Galway

ONE wintry night last January flames attacked a vermin-infested flop house near Chicago's Skid Row. Firemen coughed painfully as they poured tons of icy water on the fire and edged their way through the ruins in search of victims.

"Here's one!" a fireman shouted. The crowd of penniless spectators grew silent as the body of a brother derelict was

brought out on a stretcher.

"The jerk must have been smoking in his flop and fell asleep," a wino said.

"Yer nuts," his companion rasped as he eyed the stretcher with bleary eyes. "I betcha the guy that owns the joint wants to hit the insurance jackpot."

The causes suggested by the two skid row citizens have been responsible for many fires but not this time. If you had witnessed the fire you might have noticed that one spectator appeared overly fascinated by the blaze. As a

matter of fact, he seemed hypnotized by the flames.

"Lovely," he muttered occasionally, his eyes glued on the fire.

Mingling with the crowd was a fire investigator attached to the Fire Marshal's Office. The fire investigator came up to the flame-hypnotized man. "O.K.," the investigator said, grabbing the man's arm. "You'd better come along with me."

The order broke the man's trance. "Why?" he asked. "I was just watching the fire." He looked wildly about as if he was going to make a break and run.

The fire investigator tightened his grip on the man's arm and guided him to an automobile. "Maybe," the investigator said, slipping on a pair of handcuffs. "But let's take a run down to the Fire Marshal's office. A little chat may do us both good."

At the office, the investigator who was part cop, part fireman and part psychiatrist by training, eyed the firebug suspect for several minutes without speaking. Then he asked, "Why did you start the fire?"

"I didn't," the suspect protested. "I was just watching."

The Fire Marshal's man walked from behind his desk and lifted the suspect's hand. He sniffed. "There's still the odor of gasoline on your hand," he said accusingly. "Come on, we know you checked into the flop house about an hour

before the fire." The investigator glanced at the man's suit. "Why would a guy wearing an eighty-buck suit check into a flop house?" he asked.

"You're all wrong," the suspect protested.

The part cop, part fireman, part psychiatrist lit a match and held it in front of the suspect's eyes. He slowly waved the small flame back and forth.

The accused eyed the flame for a moment and then choked back a sob. "O.K.," he said. "I started the fire."

The firebug's name was Jim M. He did not own the flop house and he did not harbour an imaginary grudge against derelicts. He did not start the fire for revenge or financial gain. Jim M. was an up and coming junior member of a downtown Chicago law firm.

"Impossible," Jim's colleagues said when they heard he'd been charged with arson. "I can't believe it," Jim's minister said. "He's too fine a young man for that."

Jim could produce character references by the yard. He did start the fire. Why?

An understanding judge ordered that Jim be given a psychiatric examination. It was then discovered that Jim was a member of a devil's cult—sexual pyromaniacs. Jim was wedded to fire. Flames in the night gave him a satisfaction that no woman ever could.

"My mind and will become overpowered and I lose

The loss in life and property is enormous, but the pyromaniac cares only for his perverted pleasure in watching flames.



control of myself," Jim told a court psychiatrist. "I am like a man teased by a woman, but with me the woman is fire. I have to start a fire and when I see it my heart beats against my chest with sledge hammer blows. I get dizzy and tremble like a leaf and when the flames are high I achieve a climax that leaves me spent and satisfied."

It may be that you consider Jim a queer who will never bother you. That's true. Jim is now serving a long prison term. But you and your loved ones are in danger. There are many members of the devil's sex cult in every town and city in the U. S. and Canada.

A. Bruce Bielaski, Director of the Fire Investigation Department of the National Board of Fire Underwriters, and a former chief of the F.B.I., warns us that "50% of all firebugs who confessed turned out to be the sexual type, who set fires for the thrill they derive from watching a fire."

This means that sexual firebugs are a national menace. Ten thousand major fires occur yearly in the U.S. Many people are burned to death and the loss in dollars is astronomical. All of us have been adversely affected by the devil's sex cult in the form of higher fire insurance, especially if we live in a big city.

Members of the cult are medically known as sex pyromaniacs and their affliction is called sexual pyromania.

These queer people are divided into two general types. One type obtains satisfaction by watching fires they have set. The other type have a sadistic streak in them that permits satisfaction only when someone is burning in the building they put to the torch.

Chief Deputy Marshal Scott, New York City Fire Department, does not class men who assault women and then burn the body after death as sex pyromaniacs. He says, "These individuals really belong in most cases to the common criminal class. They burn the body to conceal the evidence, so they think."

Former F.B.I. chief Bielaski gives three reasons why pyromaniacs set fire.

Harry, a 30-year-old New York accountant, is an example of class Number 1. Fire, to him, was a sex stimulant. He told a court psychiatrist, "Some guys enjoy sex more if they have a couple of drinks first. Well, fire is like a drink to me. I'm not able to act like a he-man unless I see a fire first."

Jim, the young Chicago lawyer previously mentioned, gave reason Number 2. Fire was his only mistress. No woman could arouse his desire. As he said, "I achieve a complete climax by setting and watching a fire." The fact a man lost his life in the last fire Jim set was incidental—

Only recently have psychiatrists looked into the strange, twisted motives of the men who set holocausts for pleasure.





In the crackle of flames sex pyromaniacs find the release denied to them in normal acts. They cause untold hardships.

at least as far as Jim was concerned.

Homosexuals supply reason Number 3 why pyromaniacs set fires. These people are often bitterly frustrated because they nurse a secret affection for a member of the same sex, or hate women for "stealing" the object of their affection. This type is the most dangerous because their hate-frustration complex often demands a man or woman be burned in the fire they set.

Not long ago one of London's violet set was committed to an asylum for the criminally insane. This homosexual's name isn't Alex, so let's call him that. He worked as an accountant in the office of a London tea importing firm.

Alex thought his boss "was just divine" and formed a strong attachment toward him. As Alex said, "I realized I couldn't openly show my affections so I kept them bottled within me. I grew bitter and frustrated and when the object of my love married his stenographer I could have killed her. She was a thief."

Alex took another job in an effort to forget, but he still nursed a hatred for the woman who "stole" his love. Alex was out walking one night when he stopped to watch fire men fight a house fire. Alex said later in court, "I thought how nice it would be if 'that' woman was burning in the

fire. The thought gave me the first feeling of contentment since my boss married. The next evening, when it was dark, I set fire to a house and imagined the woman I hated was inside. The fire was put out before it made much headway. I tried again the next night and got caught."

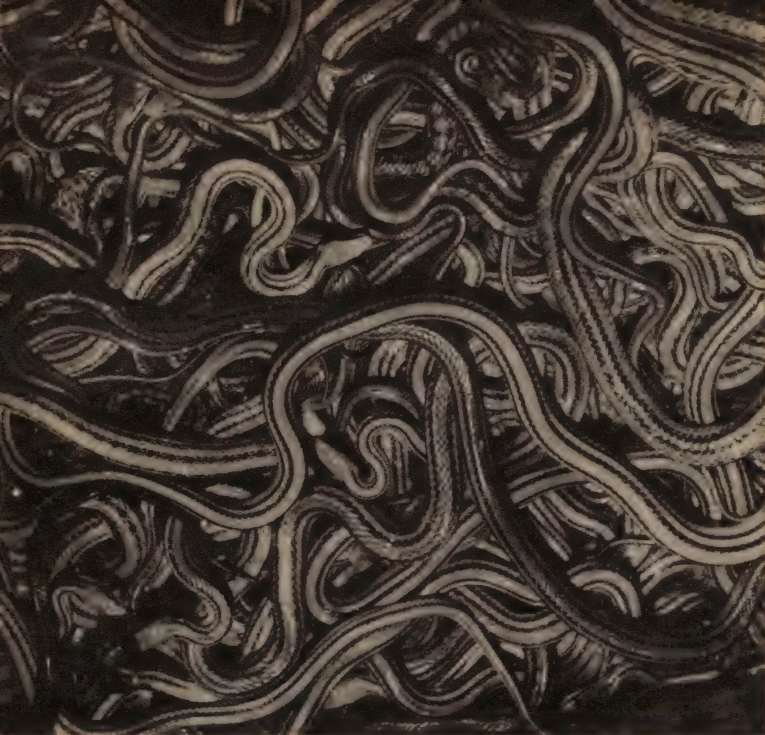
Bruce Bielaski tells us that few women belong to this devil's cult and very few members of the colored race. Courtney Riley Cooper does tell in his book, *Design In Scarlet*, of a woman pyromaniac. Both the woman and her partner could obtain no satisfaction from intercourse unless they engaged in it during the burning of a school house which they set afire.

Some of us have driven along a country road at night and seem a burning haystack or bush fire. We shake our head and say, "Damn those careless smokers."

According to experts on pyromania, these country fires are set by the devil's favorite lover boys. These lads are often found to be impotent and the fire acts as a hypo for their system.

One important pyromaniac told a fire detective, "I'm impotent unless I start a fire. I pick up a dame and drive out into the country. She's willing but I have no interest. I

(Continued on page 51)



Small striped snakes writhe and twist about one another in a barrel in a Japanese "snake store." The live snakes are kept in stock to be killed and then cooked to order.



If a customer orders a glass of fresh snake blood, shears are used to slice off snake's head. A medium-sized reptile will yield about an ounce of blood—a healthy shot.

HOW ABOUT A GLASS

If you're looking for boiled snake, fried grasshoppers or perhaps a few

IN MANY parts of the Far East the eating of snakes for medicinal purposes has been going on for more than 500 years. Occasionally the reptiles were boiled in herbs to make a liquid medicine but modern "snake doctors" have developed new techniques. Most popular method is simply to cook the snake and eat the meat. A second style is

dried snake which is either eaten, made into tea or ground up into a powder. And then, of course, many prefer to drink the blood of snakes straight. All these cures are particularly popular in the country areas of Japan. In these backwoods communities the miracle drugs of modern doctors are usually scorned for ancient remedies in use

Two dried snakes are held by attendant. These were killed by electric shock so no part is lost. They dry for a long time and then are usually made into tea or soup.

Also sold in "snake store" are these delicacies — small frogs on skewer, package of dried beetles and varieties of locusts and grasshoppers — all tastier than aspirin!





After head is cut off, entire length of snake is drained for blood. These are non-poisonous snakes — the blood costs 75 cents a glass. It's \$1.50 for poisonous snakes.



Ahh, that's yummy! Snake blood is believed to be invigorating, especially good for adding zip and vigor to an athlete before a big game or bucking up an old geezer.

OF SNAKE BLOOD, HMM?

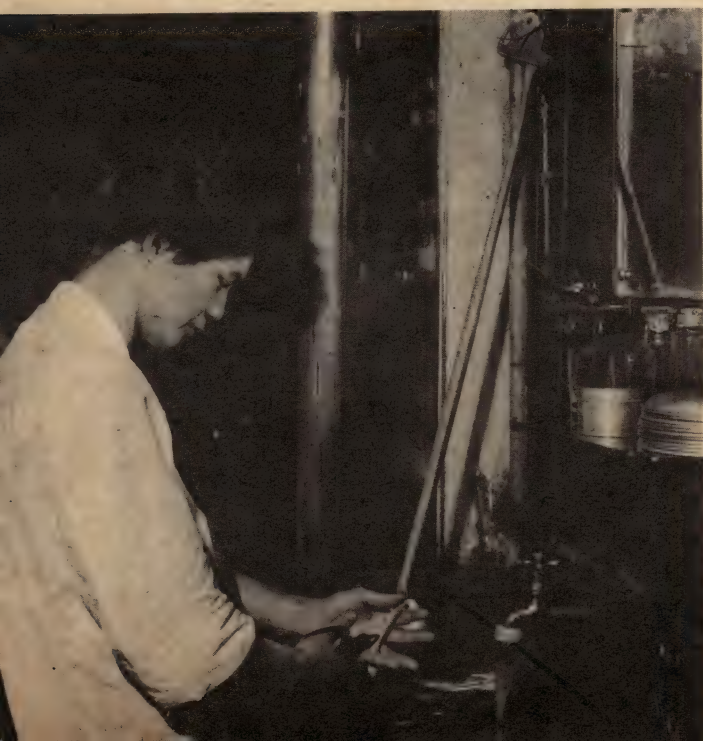
deliciously baked beetles, you'll find them in Japanese "snake stores!"

for centuries. Besides snakes, such various goodies as toads, beetles, grasshoppers and locusts are used to promote health. The recipes are as varied as the ingredients and you can have fried beetles, roasted grasshoppers, stewed toads or almost anything else your jaded appetite might desire. Prices are varied too, ranging from 75 cents

for a glass of non-poisonous snake blood to \$1.50 for a whole boiled viper. If you're thinking of having a snake cocktail party, a fifth of snake wine will set you back about \$2.50. But the party is guaranteed to be a success, and who knows?—the more drunken guests may wind up seeing snakes, and boiled ones at that!

A snake is cut open with scissors and slit down the middle. All the innards are removed. Outside of snake gets made into fertilizer. Tasty guts are fried and eaten!

Ecstatic "snake store" customers belly up at the counter for their favorite delicacies. Poisonous snake meat and blood are preferred as it's felt they are more potent.



BLOOD ON THE MOON

(Continued from page 27)

a hard little thudding sound and he went limp, all the strength and desperation gone from him. He dropped down on the bench, to lean forward and clutch at his forehead with a soft cry that was half a moan and half a sob.

Welder righted the overturned chair and seated himself on it, facing the boy. The boy drew a shuddering breath and straightened, holding his hand to his forehead, his eyes dark and clouded with pain. Blood was smeared below his hand and his face was twisted in near-crying. He looked at Welder, his lower lip trembling and his voice a ragged quaver:

"It—hurts."

Welder turned in his chair so that the boy was no more than a blurred image seen from the corner of one eye. He lit a cigarette, trying to drive away a memory that was suddenly clear and vivid and unwanted; the memory of another boy who had run across the room in a game of tag with his pup and had not seen the shelf in time. There had been the shock of the impact, the sickening, blinding pain of it, and the quick steps of his mother as she ran to him. "Oh, Jimmy, let me see . . ."

"It hurts," he had said. Her cool fingers had touched the wound with gentleness, and half the pain had seemed to go away in the comfort of her solicitude for him. Then she had sat beside him on the sofa, holding his head forward a little over the pan of water in her lap and saying, "I'm sorry, honey. I know how terribly it hurts. I'll wash it in cold water and that will stop the bleeding and make it not hurt so much . . ."

He threw the cigarette to the floor and looked back at the boy. He was sitting as before, his face not quite so near to crying but with one lone tear wandering crookedly down his left cheek. Welder stood up, to reach past the lamp for the thermos bottle. He opened it and crumpled his handkerchief in his hand, pouring the cold water over it until it was soaked. He carried it to the bench and the boy turned his face up to him, the tear trembling a little before it fell.

"Here." Welder extended the wet handkerchief. "Take it."

The boy hesitated and he repeated harshly, "Take it—take it and hold it to that cut."

The boy took it then, meekly and silently, and held it to the wound as he

had been ordered to do. Welder went back to his chair and saw that Botman was watching him with a thin, humorless smile.

"Does it make a hell of a lot of difference?" Botman asked.

"What?"

"Whether or not he stops bleeding?"

Welder lit another cigarette without answering, his first one smouldering on the floor beside him. The minutes dragged slowly by while Botman glanced at his watch with increasing frequency. He shoved back his chair at the end of ten minutes and went to the door, to look to the east. When he turned to face Welder again his right hand was in his coat pocket and there was an expression like challenge and triumph on his face.

"All right, Welder," he said. "The moon is almost up."

Welder stood up slowly, not replying. The boy had wiped his face clean with the handkerchief. It had fallen on the bench beside him and his hand was half-lifted before him.

"Time for us to go," Botman said, nervousness in his tone. "Go see for yourself."

Welder turned to face him. "I'll take your word for it."

He appraised the situation, conscious of the bulk of the holstered revolver under his left arm and knowing he could never reach it before Botman pulled the trigger of the pistol that was already in his hand. There could be but one outcome and he regarded it for a moment with an almost detached lack of emotion.

"We'll go," he said, "but we'll not harm the kid."

Botman's eyes widened momentarily, then became cold, shining slits. "I—see," he said, spacing the words far apart. "I thought all the time it might turn out like this. That's why I had you cowered when the showdown came. You intended from the beginning to let him go, didn't you—from the time at the bank when you wouldn't let me shut him up?"

"I don't know what I intended in the beginning. I know what I intend now."

"If we left him to talk, we wouldn't last as long as a snowball in hell."

"I suppose not."

"I can easy risk tryin' to find that pass without you if I have to. I'll give you one last chance to change your mind. Take it quick or stay here for good."

"We'll leave the kid alone or we'll both stay here."

The muscles rippled along Botman's jaw. "Both? Are you sure?" he asked, and his coat pocket jumped as he pulled the trigger.

The lamp flickered from the concussion of the shot and Welder felt the bullet strike a numbing blow under his heart. His fingers went around the familiar butt of the revolver as Botman jerked the pistol from his pocket to make sure of his second shot.

Their shots came together, the revolver bucking in his hand as Botman's bullet struck him high in the chest. Then Botman was falling, with a round, black spot suddenly above one eye, crumpling shapelessly to the floor. Welder laid the revolver on the table and turned to the boy.

"It's all over, kid," he said. "Someone will be here pretty soon."

The boy left the bench and went to him, his face very young and solemn in the lamplight. "How bad are you hurt? Is it real bad?"

He looked at the boy, wondering why he had asked as though it mattered, feeling the blood like a thick, warm sheet down his chest.

"Real bad, kid. It doesn't matter."

He stepped forward, wanting to go to the place by the wall where the boy had been and where the sofa had set so long ago. The strength went from his legs when he reached the bench and he dropped to the floor beside it, letting it support his back while the darkness that was not of the night rushed in toward him and the first of the pain swept through him.

There was the touch of a hand on his shoulder and the boy was kneeling beside him. "I brought the cold water to stop the bleeding," he said. His fingers worked to unbutton Welder's shirt, fumbling and awkward in their attempt to hurry, then Welder felt the first cool touch of the wet handkerchief.

He heard the boy saying, "Already, it's not bleeding so much," and he felt his heart slowing until it stirred very feebly within him. He tried to arouse himself, but the darkness had pressed in until only the grave young face of the boy was left.

And then, that too was gone. The last darkness closed in over him and he was a boy again and it was his mother who was beside him, her fingers cool and gentle and all the pain leaving him in the comfort of her touch.

THE END

"I CHEAT YOU EVERY DAY"

(Continued from page 29)

glowing ad repeatedly stresses the newness of a product without once mentioning year of make, you can be fairly certain that here is another culprit trying to pass off some dead merchandise. Expect this trick annually between January and early spring. Remind yourself that in merchants' vernacular "new" can mean anything unsold—leftovers, discontinued styles, demonstrator models and sometimes speedy repossession.

Another popular twist on the big-discount ruse was employed this past spring by an automobile dealer who, like his competitive brethren everywhere, is feeling the pinch of overflowing supply. In attempting to create "traffic" for his showroom, he guaranteed to mark down the advertised price of his make by \$200 "if you act now." Cagily in the next sentence, he added, "Why hold onto your present car when you can get the one you really want to own at a terrific saving?"

His interest in your present car wouldn't prove transparent to everyone, of course. There would be those who'd expect full trade-in value for their car *plus* that guaranteed mark-down, learning only upon reaching the dealer's showplace that no trade-in meant no \$200.

Just as skillful in talking with tongue in cheek is the deceiver who has some kind of sale running twelve months a year and inevitably "packed with bargains galore throughout the store." Take, for instance, the clothier I dialed some weeks ago during a routine copy roundup. It happened to be the end of May. "We've only three days left for your Gigantic May Clearance Event," I reminded him.

"Well, now, let's see." He thought a moment. "Tell you what—change wherever it says May to June. We'll run a June Clearance by popular demand!"

As purse strings continue to grow tighter you can expect to see a growing number of "Free!" offers on every level of retail merchandising. Don't expect, however, that the average retailer will display more generosity as his cash drawers become empty! It's the idea a furniture dealer attempted to impart with his "many" gimmicks.

He was giving away valuable free prizes—no obligation whatsoever—just come in, ladies, and register your name. A \$50 merchandise certificate free . . . a gorgeous floor lamp free . . . a set of lovely dinnerware free . . . even a famous - make, nationally - advertised,

fully - automatic and chrome - plated toaster (all the adjectives absolutely and positively helpful) free! There were other gifts, to be sure. "We'll throw in a kitchen stool, serving tray and a pair of curtains, too, but I wouldn't advise putting them into the list. Just cover them with 'many other free gifts' . . . you know."

He was afraid that if housewives realized a grand total of only seven gifts would be awarded the lucky among hundreds of customers, they'd be too discouraged to try.

"Not just during special sales," sang another retailer, "but here you buy at retail yet pay wholesale every day of the year." Challenged with the opinion that he might be getting just a bit too courageous in this case, especially since his meat and poultry prices frankly appeared no lower than his competitors, he had an answer. "My quality is higher. The prices only look the same but the difference is in the quality." Meat quality, he knows, is a matter of taste and tenderness. Tastes differ. How can a customer win that argument?

The lowest form of faker is one who won't hesitate to prey on the traditional generosity of Americans through the charity chant. Making an "appeal in behalf of the needy," a women's shop simultaneously asked newspaper readers and radio listeners to bring in their old unwanted dresses, suits and coats. The dresses would get them \$2 each, the coats and suits \$6, amounts which would be applied as discounts on clothes of the same type at the shop. No question that the discarded apparel went to the needy, some \$300 worth of it. But questions might arise over who footed the sizeable charity bill and whether freshly mounted price tags with \$2 and \$6 alterations were strictly a coincidence during the "appeal."

The something-for-nothing bargain hunter will always be stung sharply by the class of proprietors that has given birth to a mirthless joke. It goes something like, "Poor Jones, he hasn't made a buck in ten years because he hasn't sold a single item for its full worth in ten years." The usual fact about this highly successful conner of the highly gullible is that he continually sneaks even exorbitant prices into his lists of supposed bargains. You've read his ads: "... regularly \$13.95, now \$6.95; worth \$35.65, today just \$22.45; was \$26.75, now only half price."

No attempt is made here to label *all* "regularly, now" bargain lists as pho-

nies. The majority of those featured during occasional sales by reputable stores in your town may be considered bonafide, if only for the fact that they seldom really save you more than a few dollars or dimes. Be wary, however, of bargains offered *habitually* by the "regularly" addict who displays incredible spreads between "worth" price and "sale" price.

Still another hooker employed by these self-sacrificing ambushers is the "odd price" gag. Since consumers in general have been schooled to "even five" price tags—\$29.95, \$10.75, \$28.25—the cunning boys are convinced they'll emit a ring of believability from a dramatic list like \$29.31, \$14.83, \$84.67, etc. Don't these odd figures lend the impression that a flat discount percentage has mathematically reduced a bevy of even-five prices?

Whenever the black sheep among retailers exhausts his imagination and needs a little time to devise some other trap, he falls back on the standard family of catch phrases and words that are usually relegated to small print on paper and TV screen or subdued by expert voice inflection on radio:

"Almost." This detergent is supposed to cleanse even the worst-soiled white lie. Take the auto-supply shop that claimed, "You can still start your car with this battery even when it's almost dead." The prayer here is that enough prospects will overlook or forget the ad's modification of death. As a matter of fact, as soon as you've run 50 miles on a freshly bought battery it's beginning to approach death. Was the seller talking about the 50, 500, or 5,000-mile mark?

"Fabulous . . . unheard-of . . . tremendous." The storeman meanwhile neglects to state figure-wise how spectacular his curtains, bedsheets or bathmats are. He hopes to dazzle you into dropping in, whereupon you'll learn that instead of saving money you're wasting your time.

Your dollar hasn't been sought with greater hunger since before Korea. Better Business Bureaus and honest merchants are eager to protect the buying public from unscrupulous groups in every city, but unfortunately the ax they're leveling at cheats may not fall until after you have fallen as another victim.

Would you be willing to go into business because you'd like to lose so much money so often?

THE END

"DEATH RODE MY BACK"

(Continued from page 35)

of one hill mass, half-walked, half-slid down into an arroyo and started up another steep slope about one o'clock.

I was almost to the top when a sandstone shelf on which I paused for a moment crumbled and let go. I slipped, slid and dropped, falling straight down into a straight-walled crevasse.

I landed with my right leg bent and twisted under me. The sharp, stabbing bolt of pain that rammed up through my leg was all I needed to tell me it was broken!

I lay there in a tumbled mass, paralyzed by the sudden, terrifying realization of the situation into which the accident had dumped us. Pete and I were alone—completely alone—in the middle of nowhere, miles from the jeep, a hell of a distance from help.

"George? You okay?" Pete called down. He clambered down the face of the rock wall to my side.

He eased my leg, pulled it out straight and felt the bone. I shrieked in agony as he passed his hand over the fracture and the two jagged ends of bone ground and scraped against each other.

"Good God!" he exclaimed. "What are we going to do now?"

We stared at each other. It was hard to comprehend fully the seriousness of the predicament. If the year had been 1854 instead of 1954, the hopeless isolation of the badlands would have been understandable. But we were used to radios and telegrams and a drug store on every corner. Slowly—ever so slowly—it hit me. There was a damn good chance that I'd never make it back to a hospital.

"How far do you think we are from the jeep, Pete?" I asked finally.

"Fifteen, maybe more, miles," Andersen muttered. He paused. "I might be able to carry you," he said after a few seconds.

"You crazy? Up these hills? We'd never make it," I gritted. "Better try and find something to use as a splint and I'll use my good leg and lean on you."

The initial shock was fast wearing off. I was slipping over the brink, into an inferno of excruciating pain. I could feel the pulsing hurt work up past the fracture and spread through me like a hungry flame.

The handle of his geologists' hammer and a few pieces of twisted mesquite-like wood were all Andersen was able to find. He did the best he could, strapping these to my leg. I screamed

every time he touched me.

My thirst was already overpowering. I lay in the hell-hot sun and the aching throb of my leg only intensified my desire for water.

"How—how much we got, Pete?" I asked, nodding toward our two canteens.

My buddy's face was grim—grimmer than I had seen it since the day in 1944 when we crouched in a foxhole near Houffalize, Belgium, and watched Kraut tanks roll in on us from all sides. "About a pint," he grunted. "Not more. We'd been hitting the stuff pretty hard, I guess."

Pete uncapped one of the canteens and handed it to me. I swallowed greedily, even licking the cap after he pulled the water bottle away.

"There's only one way to get you back," my companion decided after a long period of silent thought. "I've got to take you as near the jeep as possible. Then I'll have to move ahead and bring the jeep back to meet you, or drive it in as far as I can.

"If I leave you here, you might die of thirst or snake-bite or even shock and exposure. You might even try to crawl away when the water ran out and you became delirious."

I bit my lip savagely. The warm wet salt of blood spurted into my mouth. The trip would be sheer torment. I would be forced to hang on to Andersen every step of the way. The temperature was well over 100 and we had only a pint of water. The odds were all against us.

"Suppose we wait until night—when it gets cooler?" I asked, fighting down the fear that clutched at my heart.

"Not a chance. You'd have to drink what water we had anyway. Besides, you can't wait too long with that leg in this heat."

God only knows how he ever succeeded in getting me off the ground and started on the road back. We carried nothing but the one canteen into which Pete carefully transferred all our water. He took my arm around his shoulder.

By 2:30, we had dragged and stumbled less than a mile! At that, we stopped a dozen times to rest. Pete doled water out of the canteen by the capful, letting me wet my burning, cotton-dry mouth. He was taking none himself—and he showed it.

We slid and staggered on, and many times Andersen had to support my entire weight. My bad leg hung uselessly.

Whenever the foot scraped or bumped against a rock yammering spasms of torment ripped through me.

I remember little after that. I do recall the terror that brought a hideous shriek from my parched throat. We started down the side of one gully and Pete, weak and near exhaustion from holding me up, slipped and fell to the ground. He carried me with him.

"You bastard! You rotten lousy bastard! It's all your fault. I hope to God you die, you dirty son of . . .!" I knew the hoarse, rattling rasp was my voice but I didn't care much.

I have no recollection of striking out blindly, hitting Pete in the face, breaking his nose. I have no memory of the hours that followed, of the agony of the slow death that rode my back while he dragged me, carried me, shoved me, inch by inch, across the burning wastelands. There is no remembrance of that ordeal.

I was alone when I opened my eyes. The sun was low and I lay on a bare hillside. My tongue was huge and foul inside my mouth. My throat was blocked, tied in knots, raw as though it had been slashed by razor blades. Great, throbbing waves of anguish swept and beat over me. I tried to raise my head. It was useless—foolish . . .

My hands scrabbled around, paddling against the ground. I was burning inside as well as out. Fever held me. My eyeballs seared into my brain. They were molten coals pressing through my skull.

I groaned, then let the groan rise and grow and spiral until it became a strident shriek. I screamed until the last bit of air was gone from my heaving lungs. Then I fell back and lay panting, gulping in the hot, oppressive desert air, my lungs and guts wracked by convulsions.

Pete was gone. He took off to save himself. Because I was dying. Or maybe I was dead already. I wondered idly, if I was still alive, how long would I last? Hours? Minutes? Seconds?

I closed my eyes and saw the vultures, great black things. They circled over me, dipping lower and lower. I opened my eyes—and they were gone.

I laughed.

My belly heaved and throbbed and jerked and tried to shove its way up through my mouth. An evil-smelling slime bubbled up between my lips and covered my face. The stench of the vomit nauseated me even more.

I prayed and I swore and I babbled.

I cursed Pete Andersen and the desert and the insane dream of fast wealth that had brought me to die in a God-forsaken hell-hole.

My fingers worked spasmodically, clawing at the ground, at my clothes, at my flesh. I searched for the iron ring around my neck and dug my fingers into my throat trying to find it and tear it loose. It eluded me and I began to sob. I sobbed through my cracked lips and each heave of my tortured lungs pierced me with a thousand jagged spears.

The warm-wet-cold-oiliness flowed over me . . .

It caressed my face and my chest and ran down into my pants. It trickled into my armpits and slithered along my belly. I felt it and I knew it had all

come to an end and that I was dead and beyond all pain and that's why I grinned inwardly and sank back into the nothingness of the red-black void.

"George! George! You'll be all right now! Come out of it! Try and come out of it!"

Ninety billion bright stars were above me and around me—all of them flitting in spirals across the black velvet curtain.

"George! It's me! Pete! I'm back. I got the jeep down the bottom of the hill. Come on boy!"

It was Pete Andersen! He had made his way back in the jeep! It was Pete and he picked me up as tenderly as if I had been a baby—although I stunk of sweat and vomit and dried blood.

He put a new splint on my leg and

loaded me into the jeep and doused me with water from the last of the five-gallon cans we had brought along and he said nothing about my breaking his nose in my delirium.

"I'll make that hospital in Moab tonight," he promised, kicking over the engine. "Then, after you're all patched up, we'll come back and finish going over these hills."

I turned my head away and stared at my swollen leg thrust straight out over the fender of the jeep, held there with straps and padding Pete had rigged.

"Yeah—yeah, sure, Pete," I managed to stammer. There were an awful lot of other things I wanted to tell him, but I couldn't. I knew he understood.

THE END

YOU AND THE DEVIL'S SEX CULT

(Continued from page 45)

flick a lighted match out of the car window onto dry grass or into a haystack. I watch the flames for a minute and then I'm able to act like a man."

A tragic result of pyromania occurred in Hamilton, Ontario, on New Year's Eve, 1945. That evening, a few minutes before midnight, dancers on the top floor of the Moose Hall took a breather just before 1946 entered with a roar. At the same time a 25-year-old soldier discharged from the service for psychopathic reasons was celebrating the arrival of the new year in his own queer way. He set fire to the stairway of the dance hall.

The firebug received the satisfaction his warped mind demanded, but at a horrible cost in life. Scores of dancers were trapped on the dance floor by the resulting inferno. Ten dancers were burned to death and 30 were severely burned. The dance hall burner is now serving a life sentence in Kingston penitentiary. Ironically enough, more firemen would have fought the fire sooner if they hadn't been tied up fighting a church fire set by a 14-year-old boy.

At first glance the sex pyromaniac appears to be a queer duck, but actually all of us are a little off when it comes to fire. Mistress Flame affects all of us emotionally to some degree.

If the light of our life asks us to take down the storm windows or cut the front lawn we can find a thousand excuses for putting off the job. A minute later we will run a mile in an attempt to catch a fire engine zooming down the street. And how many men have been finally tricked into popping

the marriage proposal in front of an open, flame-flickering fireplace?

Dr. Nolan D. Lewis, head of the New York State Psychiatric Institute and Hospital, with the help of Dr. Helen Yarnel, recently compiled the world's first comprehensive study of the sex pyromaniac. The study is called *Pathological Fire-setting*.

Dr. Lewis says, "Fire seems an embodiment of the entire life force—as well as a force of destruction. It seems endowed with supernatural power. Everyone loves a fire but where normal people satisfy their interest by the campfire, or a fire in the fireplace, or with candles on the dinner table, the fire maniac can't. There is something in the fire maniac's make-up that prevents him from handling frustration like a normal person."

The ancients believed that all elements were either male or female. They gave fire a male sex and water female. Among the Siamese fire takes part in a sexual purification rite. It was required that the expulsion of the child be followed by a month of penance for the mother. After the birth of the first child the Siamese woman had to expose her naked back and abdomen alternately within two feet of a blazing fire for 30 days and nights.

It has been found through clinical research and autopsies that the morbid behaviour of some sex pyros is due to a tumor pressing on the brain, which in turn causes deviations of normal sex tendencies.

Dr. O. Cauldwell, a noted sexologist, believes that Nero, the most infamous pyro of all time, became that way be-

cause of a brain tumor, coupled with a malfunctioning pituitary gland.

Nero in his prime must have been an understudy worthy of the devil. One of his favorite tricks was to soak Christians in oil and then apply the torch. He had Rome burned in 60 A.D., and then blamed the Christians. This gave him an excuse for burning innumerable people at the stake.

New York was one of the first cities to recognize the problem of the sex pyromaniac. Deputy Fire Marshal Scott gave considerable thought and study to the problem so that today New York fire detectives are always on the lookout for the sex angle in a fire.

In New York State the penalty for arson can run as high as 40 years in prison. If there is any doubt about the sanity of the offender, he is sent to one of the city's hospitals for medical and psychiatric examination. Unfortunately for you and me, our fire insurance rates are not as low as they could be because members of the devil's cult are not always dealt with according to the book. Many localities do not even recognize the fact there is such a perversion as sexual pyromania.

Drs. Lewis and Yarnel report in their study, *Pathological Firesetting*, that they made a detailed study of 1,071 convicted pyros: 162 of our hottest lovers were in prison getting no treatment; 42 were in reform school getting no treatment; 260 were in mental institutions getting but a small amount of treatment; and 468 were in circulation happily dreaming of matches, gasoline, buildings and roasting victims!

THE END

FLOOD TERROR!

(Continued from page 10)

East Stroudsburg, a town of some 7,000 population, was completely cut off from its twin municipality, Stroudsburg, and from the rest of the world!

The wall of water crashing down from the Pocono Mountains had blasted away every bridge linking the two communities! There was no way in or out of East Stroudsburg save by helicopter!

"The 'copters had to quit flying at dark. There's no power to light landing fields for them," someone explained.

Pennsylvania National Guard Captain Gerald E. Shanley and the 70 men making up Company "G" of the 109th Infantry had been called on active duty at 9:30 Friday morning. I found him hunched over the telephone at the Clearview schoolhouse, the emergency headquarters of the Civil Air Patrol unit coordinating air rescues and attempts to effect air supply of East Stroudsburg.

With him were two other captains. One, a sunburned, veteran regular army officer, Delbert Cole, had been detached for service from the nearby Tobyhanna Signal Corps Depot. The other, a slender, youthful Civil Air Patrol officer, told me his name was Bill Bechtel.

All three men showed signs of fatigue and strain. Each had harrowing stories to tell of the night before when disaster struck.

"We moved in and tried to evacuate people living along the low-lying ground near the creeks. Numbers of them refused to listen to our warnings to leave their homes. We went back with boats after the flood really swept in. By then it was too late for many of them. Some died in the wreckage of their collapsed houses. Others were swept away moments before the boats would have reached them.

"One man tried crossing an already weakened bridge. He got halfway across and stopped to stare down at the water. He was still standing there when something smashed against the pilings, and bridge and man were carried away.

"It was awful—worse than the war. You could hear the women and kids screaming and shrieking for help. The shrieks would grow louder and louder—and then they would stop suddenly. You knew what that meant but there wasn't anything you could do about it."

I listened and felt myself grow sick. Then other reports began to come over the radio which provided the only com-

munications link between the two towns.

"Can you get some troops over here as soon as possible in the morning?" pleaded an East Stroudsburg official. "There's a lot of looting going on in the flooded areas of town. We don't have enough men to patrol."

Pennsylvania's Governor Leader had declared martial law in the two towns but as yet there had been no way to ferry troops over to East Stroudsburg, Capt. Hanley informed me.

"Is there anything I can do?" I asked.

Bill Bechtel looked up and managed to squeeze out a grin. "Yeah, there is," he replied. "We've been out of drinking water for hours. Do you think you might be able to scrounge some?"

Water lines had been ruptured by the deluge. What was available from springs or wells was polluted by sewage. All the elaborate and complex apparatus of civilization had failed in the face of Nature's elemental fury. Even drinking water was at a premium—something precious that had to be "scrounged."

It took me an hour to find a container big enough to meet what we figured would be the heavy demands of the following day. It was a milk can—one that I bummed from a dairy farmer. Another farmer, one whose house stood on high ground, filled it for me from his cistern.

When I drove back into the schoolyard with the filled can, I was greeted as though I had returned with a load of gold or jewels.

The hours until dawn wore on with maddening slowness. Army, Navy, Air Force, Marine and civilian helicopters would begin flying again at daybreak. But there just weren't enough to go around.

Hundreds of people—permanent residents as well as vacationers in nearby resorts—were marooned by flood waters. They would have to be evacuated. The big hospital in East Stroudsburg was without water and medicines and food were running low.

Capt. Cole's most immediate problem was the delivery of milk and bread for the isolated residents in the Tobyhanna area.

I found exhausted men sleeping on the tops of tables in the courthouse when I returned there in the early morning hours. Those who remained on duty told in hollow tones of the rising death toll and the staggering damage.

"An entire summer camp—Camp

Davis—has been washed away. At least 35 women and children were drowned.

"More than 20 bridges are completely wrecked. Buildings located on the low ground along the streams are gone."

"It's the worst disaster in the history of the state."

I went back to the Clearview School. If I was to obtain air transportation into East Stroudsburg I would have to be there when the 'copters started flying.

"We can't promise you a thing," Capt. Bechtel said. "Doctors, nurses, technicians needed to make emergency repairs take top priority along with food, water and medicine. If there's any room after that, you're welcome to fly in."

By that time the schoolhouse was getting crowded. Nurses, Red Cross workers, gas and electric company technicians were arriving in steady streams. Trucks splashed and ground through the mud, bringing food and hospital supplies.

Part of Captain Handley's National Guard company arrived at 0430 hours. Plans called for air-lifting them into East Stroudsburg.

The first helicopter—a black Navy ship—landed on the panel-marked school playground shortly after daybreak. Bill Bechtel moved his operation outside to the mobile, radio-equipped Civil Air Patrol unit mounted in a blue panel truck.

A rigid priority system had been established for those waiting for transportation. The doctors went first, then the nurses. Other choppers dropped down on the grassy expanse in the rear of the school. In seconds, they were loaded and on their way.

The green fatigue-uniformed National Guardsmen didn't wait. A runner brought word to Capt. Handley that a roundabout route through inundated flatlands had been spotted by reconnaissance planes.

"It'll be a hell of a march—in places the water is waist-deep," the officer was informed.

"We'll take the six-byes as far as we can, then we'll walk," the company commander decided. "No use tying up the helicopters."

The troops clambered aboard their trucks and the heavy vehicles roared off.

By 10 a.m. the sun had driven the temperature well past the 80-degree mark. As if in mocking contrast to the

days of rain and storm, the weather had turned clear—and hot!

"Okay, we can take you now," the C.A.P. officer yelled at me not long after. "There's a seat in that small chopper. Good luck!"

I ran out to the two-place Army helicopter standing in the middle of the playground, its rotor blades revolving. The pilot, 1st Lt. Howard Yeake, motioned for me to hurry up. I had no more than dumped myself in the co-pilot's seat before he gunned the engine and we made a fast, vertical takeoff.

The carpet of destruction that spread out below us rivalled any of the havoc wrought by the massed aerial bombardments of World War II! Great spans torn from steel bridges lay in confused jumbles along the banks of Brodhead Creek. Whole streets, entire blocks had been laid waste.

Sheets of ugly brown water covered scores of acres. Blankets of mud, yards deep, remained where the floodwaters had receded during the night!

The flight took only minutes but what I saw was enough to etch the fearsome cost of the catastrophe on my mind.

We landed on the athletic field adjoining the East Stroudsburg hospital. The copter barely touched ground when two men rushed out to meet it.

"Bring any medicine . . . when's the water coming . . . how about typhoid vaccine . . . ?" they demanded.

When they saw we had brought none of those things they ran back toward the hospital buildings.

A dozen bodies had already been recovered. They were at the Lanterman Funeral Home. There the terrible business of identifying the dead was underway.

Grief-stricken relatives filed by the pitiful remains. A stifled scream or a long, choking moan told when someone had recognized a loved one. The ordeal was made more horrible by the heavy stench of putrefaction that hung over the crowded emergency morgue. Immersion in water and the burning heat of the day had hastened decay. And without electricity there could be no refrigeration to retard decomposition!

I walked past the line of corpses with mixed feelings of horror and infinite pity. Some were bloated. Others were torn and broken. The body of one man had been pierced by a jagged beam. Tumbling boulders, collapsing buildings, grinding metal—all had helped to crush and slash and pulp flesh and bone.

The murderous waters had played no favorites. Here was a grey-haired woman, a grandmother perhaps. Next

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to her lay a middle-aged man, what remained of his face contorted and twisted in the final agony of a hideously painful death. A young girl. A man, possibly 28 or so. A child . . .

My press credentials passed me through the lines established by National Guardsmen. I made my way to the low-lying residential areas near Brodhead Creek where search parties were sifting and digging through the rubble and mud.

It was a hideous, heart-chilling task. Two men waded toward an arm thrusting out of a tangle of bricks and wood in the middle of one huge puddle of slimy ooze. The first man to reach the spot took hold of the dead hand and tugged at it.

"Oh my God!" he groaned, and staggered backward. The arm had come loose in his grip! He turned away, retching—the grisly, dismembered limb still clutched in his hand!

The dead were everywhere. Some had been carried far downstream by the swirling torrents. Low-flying light

planes and helicopters assigned to search patrol skimmed over inaccessible stretches of the stream beds.

Here a pilot would report seeing a single body caught on a sandbar. In another place two corpses, those of a mother and child locked in a final embrace.

The girl in the flowered dress had been only one of many. Her terribly lacerated, almost nude body was hastily wrapped in a blanket and placed on a litter. The men who carried the stretcher to the truck waiting on higher ground moved like automatons. It was not the beginning of horror for them—nor was it to be the end.

In the center of East Stroudsburg—in the main business district which lay on high ground and was almost undamaged—shocked, dazed citizens gathered in silent, frightened knots. The tragedy had come too suddenly for them to realize its full, fearsome implications until now.

I stopped a man driving a mud-splattered Chevrolet sedan and begged a

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MAN'S TRUE ACTION #3

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ride back to the landing strip at the hospital.

"Sure—sure, mister," he murmured blankly. "Anything I can do—anything at all . . ."

A big Navy helicopter was unloading when we arrived. Hospital attendants were clustered around the door of the aircraft. They were taking off more bodies—those that were being picked up outside the town.

The white sheets covering the remains were stained and spotted with

blood. Some of the shrouded bundles were tiny—the remains of children.

There was room for me on the return trip. I clambered aboard and gagged, for the smell of Death still clung to the interior of the 'copter.

It was only an hour or so before dark. Soon flying would have to be suspended for the night. The Clear-view strip was crowded with helicopters, their pilots pushing themselves and their craft to the limit to crowd in as many trips as possible before darkness.

"We're getting supplies over in a steady stream now," Bill Bechtel informed me. He had not slept for more than 48 hours. His eyes were two dark sunken hollows. His once natty uniform coveralls were sweat-stained and grimy.

In Stroudsburg I learned of the grim developments in the search for the women and children believed lost at Camp Davis. The toll there had been higher than previously believed.

"As far as we're able to judge at this time, 37 women and children were killed there," a State Highway Patrolman told me. "Search operations will continue and the 'copters will continue

to bring out the bodies until dark."

H. J. Heller, managing editor of the Stroudsburg Record was at his desk when I dragged myself up the stairs to his office at about 9 p.m. Saturday night. He was one of the hundreds of men and women in the twin cities who worked selflessly for 72 hours and more without sleep during the flood and its aftermath.

"Here," he grunted at me. "Have a cup of coffee and a dry sandwich. It's not much but it's all we've got."

I sat in the Record office and learned that the period of crisis would soon be over.

Tank trucks had brought drinking water into Stroudsburg. The Armed Services had shipped in radios, portable generators and a fantastic array of supplies and equipment.

Telephone company and utilities workers laboring straight through on triple and quadruple shifts were restoring at least partial service. Food was coming in as were vaccines and serums and medical supplies.

My job was over on Sunday morning. I flew—this time in an Air Force helicopter—to the scene of the awful tragedy of Camp Davis. Nothing remained of the camp buildings but flattened walls.

In all, 37 women and children are believed to have perished there!

Situated on low ground, the camp—operated by a retired minister—was engulfed by the rushing torrents that smashed down from the surrounding hills. The women and children vacationing there sought refuge in the camp headquarters building.

As the flood waters rose, they went to the second floor, then the attic. They were trapped there when the building, weakened by the flood and battered by flotsam swept against it by the stream, collapsed.

Pale, silent men dug for the bodies and sometimes found them. Wordlessly they lifted up the awful things they had found and placed them on litters. Other men hid the abominations in sheets and blankets and carried them to the waiting helicopters.

"I—I guess I'll be getting back," I mumbled as one of the searchers glanced at me questioningly. "My job's finished."

I couldn't blame him for the look he gave me then. My job was finished—but months, perhaps even years of work remained for the people of the two Stroudsburgs. Their gigantic task of reconstruction would not—could not—even begin until the last of the sorrow and horror had begun to diminish.

THE END

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THE LADY WAS A KILLER

(Continued from page 22)

suspecting soul like Richard Peete is a matter for speculation, for certainly Louise was a wild one and not likely to have travelled in his social circles. Except that by now she was in her middle thirties, the peach had a few grooves in it and probably Louise was finding the competition from younger women just a little tough. So she married Peete and ostensibly settled down to the dull calm that is the common state of the housewife.

She did pretty well for a while, too. Pete was an automobile dealer and made a good living. Enough to give his wife the luxuries she craved so that she didn't have to steal. And the couple had a child, a little girl, which kept her busy for a while.

But five years was a long time for Louise to sit still and by 1920, spring, hope and adventure were once more stirring in her bosom, so she took off alone for Los Angeles.

And that was where she met Jacob Charles Denton.

Denton was a speculator and promoter who had made a big pile of money in mining and oil. His new wife and little baby had recently died and Denton, unhappy and depressed, had decided to leave California and return to Texas.

To this end he put an ad in the newspapers, advertising for rent or for sale his handsome mansion on South Catalina Avenue, then the most fashionable vicinity in Los Angeles.

Louise saw the ad and an idea began to stir. She called Denton on the phone, arranged an appointment for late that afternoon, and spent the intervening hours shining and beauty-parloring herself up for what she was convinced was to be one of the most important dates in her life.

When she showed up at Denton's house that day, she looked pretty good. True, she was fortyish, but was still an attractive and sexy-looking package; she had a charming smile and a gay laugh, and the years spent in knocking around had certainly taught her all the subtleties with which a woman can appeal to a man.

Perhaps it was this, or perhaps Denton was impressed with her shrewd, capable manner and her smooth line of chatter. In any event, he seemed pleased with her.

Louise, looking about her, was also pleased. The house was really impressive and Denton had sunk a fortune in the furnishings. There were antiques

which certainly looked as though they were valuable, oil paintings decorated the walls and the rug underfoot was deep.

Denton thought \$350 a month was a fair rental sum; Louise said \$75 was what she could afford to pay. Whatever tactics she used, she was successful, for \$75 became the agreed amount although Denton never signed the lease.

Louise, a gal who understood the value of striking while the iron is hot, arranged to move in at once. Denton would keep one room for his own use until he was ready to leave Los Angeles which would be early in June. It was now May 22nd.

Within a few days Louise was installed in the house. It was a sweet setup for a lady on the make for a buck. She had the utmost confidence in herself.

Denton's intentions of leaving for Texas had been well publicized, so his disappearance early in June aroused no comment although there was mild astonishment that he failed to keep several previously arranged appointments. However, when he had not been heard from by the end of June, Louise was barraged by insistent inquiries from his relatives.

Louise, meanwhile, had been busy rearranging the house. Several expensive antique pieces were removed along with a number of valuable paintings. They were later located in various antique and art shops where the owners explained they had bought them from a lady who was very anxious to sell.

Early in June she hired a gardener to cart a ton of dirt into the basement. Mr. Denton's orders, she explained. And a few weeks later she inquired of an insurance man acquaintance where she could buy cement. She wished to bury some possessions of Mr. Denton's late wife, she said, because Mr. Denton couldn't bear to look at them.

Meanwhile, she was still being pressed for an explanation of Denton's disappearance. He was apparently not in California, he was not in Texas, he had failed to keep an appointment in Nevada where he'd had a big business deal cooking, and his daughter by an earlier marriage was concerned because she'd had no word from him.

Louise now came up with an explanation which she confided to a lawyer friend of the Denton family. Jake was ill, she said. Nothing serious, but he'd had an arm amputated follow-

ing an infection, and he was so ashamed of being crippled that he didn't want to see anyone for a while.

And since it was his right arm, he was unable to write letters or even sign checks. "But he was here last Saturday and he told me to carry-on as always," Louise said earnestly.

It's no mean tribute to her charm and con that this explanation was accepted at all, even if only temporarily. In any event, the next month moved along with no complications from parties interested in Denton, and when late in August Louise decided she'd been away from her husband and child long enough, no move was made to detain her.

Before she left, she rented the house to another tenant and had the foresight to collect six months' rent in advance.

Richard Peete was delighted to see her. He had already learned to ask no questions. Louise Peete picked up her life in Denver where she'd left off before her safari to California.

But back in Los Angeles things were happening. Denton's daughter, grown increasingly uneasy about her father's silence, had finally nudged an attorney into action.

On Sept. 23, attorney Rush Blodget, accompanied by a private detective, went into the South Catalina Street house. The new tenant permitted them to enter, watched idly as they wandered through the rooms, then down to the cellar.

It was Blodget who first noticed the small door under the stairs. It had been crudely nailed shut. Dragging away a huge packing case which almost covered it, the two men had little trouble prying loose the boards and finally wrenching open the door. It disclosed a pile of trash.

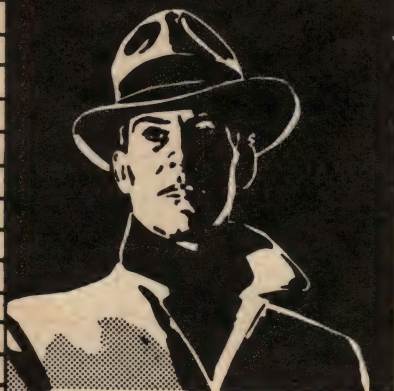
The detective stared at it. "Why in hell would anyone bother to nail up a bunch of garbage like this?"

"That's a good question," the lawyer said, pushing a few pieces of wood. "Stinks here, too."

Within a few minutes the two men had removed the trash and were busy shovelling away at a pile of dirt underneath. And that's where they found the remains of Jake Denton. He had been shot and strangled, his body had been tied with cord and then wrapped in a quilt. Somewhere around the first of June, the coroner thought.

Examination also disclosed checks forged with his signature to the tune

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of a thousand dollars, clothes and jewelry charged to the accounts of the late Mrs. Denton which Jake had neglected to close out, a diamond ring of Denton's which a woman had pawned for \$200.

The woman was soon identified, the forged signatures were identified and Louise Peete was in hot water again. But this time for murder.

Picked up in her house in Denver, Louise was lured back into California on a phoney pretext. Once there, she was arrested and charged with the murder of Jake Denton.

Louise promptly turned on the Southern charm and began explaining everything away. The forgeries were forgeries, she admitted, but that was because Mr. Denton's arm had been amputated and he had asked her to sign his name. Ordered her to, in fact. The antiques and paintings she had sold—well, Mr. Denton had told her he was tired of looking at them, to get rid of them at any price.

And then there was the passionate Spanish lady. Half the stories Louise told about the fiery-eyed Spanish lady featured her as the killer and half of them intimated that it was the Spanish lady who was dead and Denton was hiding out because he had killed her. It was glib and it was smooth and it was also very confusing.

Richard Peete, her husband, now announced that he believed in her innocence, that he was standing by his little woman. But if he believed her, he was almost the only one.

Her attorney, baffled as to how to handle this weird new client, pointed out that she would have to admit she had been Denton's mistress if she expected a jury to believe she had a right to buy dresses on his charge accounts.

Louise's answer was a statement which was both classic and typically Louise. "I'll do no such thing," she declared haughtily. "I wouldn't want my little daughter to grow up and think such things about her mother! I'll hang first!"

She almost did, too, for the jury was out only three hours before coming back with a guilty verdict. Louise was sentenced to life imprisonment.

She protested her innocence vehemently and gave vent to a few more fantastic theories concerning Denton's murder and possible murderer. Then she simmered down and began to apply herself to the business of becoming San Quentin's first lady.

And indeed she just about did. She exerted all her charm and wit and soon became a model prisoner.

Time passed. Richard Peete, broken-

hearted over the loss of his Louise, committed suicide in a hotel room, thus becoming victim number four of Louise's machinations: Bosley, Faurote, Denton and now Peete. To Louise, now transferred to the Institution for Women at Tehachapi, it made little difference whether Peete was alive or not. She was busy proving that a Southern gal remains a lady no matter where she is—and also figuring the angles on a possible parole.

And in 1939 she finally did win a parole after serving 18 years of her sentence. She became housekeeper in the home of Mrs. Emily Latham, a parole officer on whom Louise had been exerting all her charm while still in jail.

All went well for several years and then Mrs. Latham died, an apparently natural death.

And so Louise landed with the Logans, Arthur and Margaret Logan. Mr. Logan was an elderly gent in his middle seventies, and ill, physically and mentally. It was the sort of mental illness that attacks many elderly persons—a vagueness, forgetfulness, occasional incoherence, a helplessness.

Mrs. Logan, some ten years his junior, was in the real estate business.

Louise thought Logan should be committed to an insane asylum. Mrs. Logan wanted him at home where she could care for him. There was some bickering and then the whole thing was forgotten in the excitement of Louise's new marriage. For it was spring and Louise wanted a man around again. This time it was Lee Borden Judson, a bank clerk she had met some months before, a nice quiet little man who knew absolutely nothing about his new wife's past. Or her potentialities either, for that matter.

Mr. Judson, too, moved into the Logan house.

It was six months later, in December, 1944, that the parole board discovered that the signature "Margaret Logan" on Louise Peete's parole report was forged.

One thing led to another and the investigation that followed brought out some interesting material. Mrs. Logan was away on a trip, nobody knew where. Mr. Logan was away, too; in fact, he had died in an insane asylum. The house was currently being occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Judson, friends of Mrs. Logan.

Further questioning proved that Mrs. Logan was indeed away. She had not been seen or heard from since the previous June. And Mr. Logan had died in an insane asylum. He had been committed by a woman who said she

was his sister—and his “sister” fitted perfectly the description of Louise.

It all looked very suspicious, and the police moved in.

Louise Peete Judson greeted the officers with her most delighted-hostess manner, and if she was disconcerted by their presence, it hardly showed at all.

When the gentlemen flashed their badges and mentioned taking her down to the police station for questioning, Judson almost fainted. It was his first indication that his bride was not the dear, sweet innocent of his dreams.

Questioned by police, Louise went to pieces. Margaret Logan was on a trip; no, she was in a hospital somewhere, Louise didn't know exactly where. The forgeries were not really forgeries because Margaret had left instructions she was to sign her name; the other forgeries, the checks, well, that was a long story—

She became hopelessly confused, except for one thing. She denied killing Margaret Logan.

“She did make me awful mad once, though,” she confided. “I told her she ought to put Arthur away, I told her he was dangerous. She looked at me and said, ‘He’s dangerous?’ I didn’t like

the way she emphasized that word as if she thought I was the one who was dangerous,” Louise explained.

Meanwhile, other policemen out at the Logan house were uncovering evidence. There was a bloodstained throw rug, there was the gun found in Louise’s drawer hidden under her underwear and, most of all, there was the avocado tree.

Something about that avocado tree, about the way the earth was packed down around it . . . The men began shovelling. And that was where they found Margaret Logan. She had been shot in the neck and her skull fractured.

Louise was promptly held for murder.

Judson was freed—it was obvious he was innocent as a babe—and once freed he took the path followed by all the men who had loved Louise. He leaped to his death from the window of a Los Angeles office building.

Louise showed real feeling when she heard the news. “Poor little man,” she said, with a sob in her voice. “I knew he was a weak sister. Just couldn’t stand the gaff.”

She continued to deny having mur-

dered Mrs. Logan; however, she did admit having buried her. “Arthur, her husband, did it. He was dangerously insane, and one night he finally did kill her, just like I said he would. But I knew I’d be blamed because of Jake Denton, though I didn’t kill him either. So I just kept quiet about the whole thing and buried her under the avocado tree. It was her favorite tree and I knew she’d rather be buried there than anywhere else.”

And that was the story she went to trial with, that she’d only buried Mrs. Logan, not killed her. But the jury didn’t believe her, and on June 1, 1945 she was sentenced to die.

Louise may have been bad news and she may have been heartless and she certainly was cold-blooded but she remained a lady to the end.

When she was awakened on the morning of her execution, she asked a guard: “What do you think I ought to wear today?”

Then she said thoughtfully, “Something dark, I guess. A dark color is always more genteel, no matter what the occasion.”

THE END

“THE FOG WAS OUR SHROUD”

(Continued from page 17)

blonde. Gronn saw his arguments were getting nowhere and went away, cussing a blue streak.

I kept my ears sharpened for Kelly’s instructions from the bow. But I gave a lot of thought to what Gronn said. After all, the call had come more than 45 minutes ago. By now, the occupants of the plane were either dead or snug and safe aboard a fishing boat or on shore.

“Steady, Charlie,” I heard Larry’s voice call about 20 minutes later. “Hold her on course.”

“Right,” I hollered back. “See anything?”

There was a moment’s silence. Then Kelly’s voice barked loudly, fearfully: “Hard aport. Hard aport, for God’s sake!”

I threw my weight on the wheel and spun the damn thing. The rescue boat was barely making headway but she responded to the helm like a nervous race horse and heeled over immediately. I strained my eyes against the shroud of ghostly white and felt my heart come up through my throat.

In the mist, the slow-moving row of loaded barges being towed by the big tug looked like a mountain range! God,

it was close!

Larry Kelly had to leap off his perch on the prow to save himself from being ground against the side of the tug! Our escape was so narrow that the hull of our boat scraped and bumped against the barge buffers!

We yelled and cursed the tugboat captain but no one heard us. The train of barges disappeared instantly, completely swallowed by the mist.

I had all but lost my bearings in the excitement. We had to criss-cross the bay to recover some degree of orientation.

“There’s something bobbing in the water a few feet to starboard!” Kelly yelled after we had combed the white-sheeted surface of the bay for almost half an hour. “It’s right under our bows. Looks like part of a body!”

I hit the wheel and swung over, cutting the power. We drifted while Kelly leaned far over the side and scooped a hideous goblet of raw flesh out of the water. He flung it on the deck—and began to retch violently.

I handed the wheel to Gronn and went forward. The gory find was of no help. Once glance told me we had picked up the badly decomposed rem-

nant of a quarter of beef dumped overboard from some vessel.

I got the stinking thing over the side. We resumed our search.

“It’s got to be near here if the guy who called knew what the hell he was talking about,” I told myself. “It’s got to be!”

“Hold it! Hold it, Charlie!” Gronn bellowed. “We’ve found the plane! It’s here all right!” He ran back to the wheel shed. I cut the engine, “I think we’ve spotted the wing, off to port about six or seven feet. The fog parted for a moment . . .”

I worked the boat over. There was a soft bump, and Larry shouted that we were right on top of a wrecked airplane.

“Let go the anchor, George,” I ordered. I heard the splash and went forward.

We had found the plane and it was still afloat! I know little about aircraft or flying, but I recognized the ship as a single-engined Cessna. It had struck the water at high speed.

“The cabin’s pretty much out of water,” George reported. He volunteered to crawl out on the wing to check the fuselage. “Someone may be

still inside—dead or hurt,” he grunted.

We lifted one wing out of the water, the three of us hauling at it together, and got it across our bows. I took a moment to report our find to the base by radio. “The Mattituck Police Chief is out there looking for you now in an outboard,” Bosun P.A. Woodard, my superior, told me. “Start searching for survivors or bodies but stand by for the Chief.”

By the time the Mattituck officer had worked his way through the fog, we were all but certain the pilot was not in the ship. Inspection of the plane’s cabin showed there was little chance of anyone having survived the crash.

The pilot must have been mutilated and shredded when the force of the impact drove him through the glass in front of the cabin. The inside of the fuselage was flecked and coated with blood, slivers of human flesh and bits of grey-green brain matter.

We could only make the plane fast to our boat and head back for shore. We lashed the wing across the forward deck.

I headed for shore—and Death really started to play with us. Imaginations heightened by the eerie ghostliness of the fog, we saw things lurking in the mists.

I eased the throttle forward. The drag of the partially-submerged plane heeled us over, made it extremely difficult to steer. Our small craft yawed and swerved and I shoved her toward the unseen shoreline. But the movements were slow, easy. There was no reason for the sudden violent swing that whipped us to starboard.

I’ll almost believe that some unseen force pushed us!

“Charlie! Look out!”

I saw the big fishing lugger bearing straight down on us! The sudden lurch of our boat had thrown us squarely into the larger vessel’s path! The bow of the lugger loomed out of the cloudy mists, huge and deadly.

Was it 50 feet away? 25? 10? Or was it only inches from us when I finally managed to get response from rudder and engine and veer off to one side? Again, the terrifying rasp and thump of another ship’s hull scraping ours shook the 30-foot rescue boat. This time the lugger passed off to our port, away from the derelict Cessna.

“This is a jinx operation,” Kelly muttered. “We’re going to catch it, sure as hell. We can’t see and something’s trying to get us. I’m scared.”

I was scared, too. I was almost ready to axe away the lashings holding the

cracked-up plane. Almost—but not quite. I thought of the hell we would catch if I did.

With an almost miraculous suddenness, the dense, blinding fog began to lift. The fog went so fast we were left blinking our eyes and gaping at the brilliant sunshine!

We stayed close to the shoreline, figuring to search along the beach for the missing body. We found it all right, or what remained of it, less than a mile from where we beached the Cessna.

The mangled mass of crunched, bloody pulp lay on a strip of clean, white sand, half out of the water. The corpse looked as though it had been grated through a giant meat-grinder.

Shards of glass and the force of the crash had left little that was recognizable as human. The chest wall and stomach had been torn open and what the fish in the bay had left of the lungs and intestines lay trailing from the gaping holes.

We waded to shore. I went back aboard and called the station. The rest of the job belonged to the civilian authorities. We covered the hideous corpse with a tarp and waited for a police car to come up along the shore road.

THE END

“WE SAW THE JUNGLE HORROR”

(Continued from page 15)

broke open the picnic lunch that had been packed for us back at the plantation. The natives hauled in their paddles, allowing us to drift free while we ate.

“We’ll go in a few more miles, then turn back,” my friend decided. “Maybe you can get a shot at something this afternoon.”

Once we started moving again, I hauled out the rifle Hendrickson had loaned me. It was a beautifully-kept weapon, a cut-down ’03 Springfield. I hefted it in my hands and found it balanced perfectly.

“You can potshot at crocs, if nothing else,” McVey suggested. “The fewer of those we have around, the better.”

We were rounding a sharp curve in the lagoon when we heard the first great splashings. Then came the angry bellow that sounded as though it came from the throat of some prehistoric monster in mortal agony.

“What the hell was that?” I demanded.

“Cayman. Big croc,” Bruce replied.

I was riding in the bow and I turned around to face him. He was shoving a clip of cartridges into his own rifle. The natives looked a little uncertain.

The deep roar sounded again—followed by the sudden upward flight of scores of birds swooping out of the trees and brush on both sides of the stream. In a moment, the jungle was hushed, silent, save for the thrashing and splashing that grew louder as we moved ahead.

“Something must be up though I can’t imagine what. It’s not the mating season for the crocs,” my companion observed.

We had to work our way around a finger of earth thrust into the stream before we saw it. At first I was unable to tell what the hell was going on.

“Good God! Anaconda! It’s got a cayman! Bruce announced excitedly.

We had stumbled on a titanic battle between the two creatures most feared by living things in the jungle. The anaconda—capable of crushing the life out of an ox in a matter of minutes—paired

off with a cayman, whose powerful tail could smash a man into pulp with one blow!

Bruce was afraid they might notice us and turn on the canoe in their blind anger—that’s why he had grabbed my rifle. But now, on the stream bank, we were safe.

The anaconda was slowly getting the upper hand. The boa had managed to wind several more loops around the cayman. From where we stood it was apparent the croc would be finished soon.

Inexorably the constrictor tightened its muscles, squeezing, crushing, mashing the great armored amphibian. The croc’s lashing tail moved a little less easily.

Suddenly the cayman appeared to flex its spine. It rolled over once in the water—with the anaconda’s coils looking like some obscene fire hose wrapped around the huge lizard-like beast. The cayman’s back arched and it leaped out of the lagoon—like a trout fighting off a hook!

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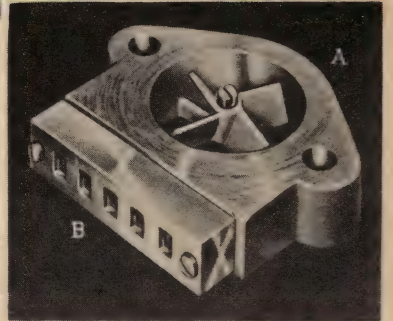
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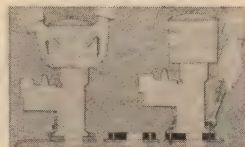
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It was the croc's last, futile attempt to save itself. The gaping mouth was wide open as the dying monster thrust itself up until it was almost perpendicular to the surface of the water. These were the last throes of a creature in hideous torment.

Swiftly the anaconda finished the work of winding itself around the body of its victim. The slithering, pulsating muscles carried the snake's length around and around—once more. Twice. Three times.

Victor and victim lay floating in the water. Tighter, ever tighter, the serpent squeezed. Sweat broke out all over my body, cold and clammy. I almost felt the crushing force the giant snake was exerting.

The cayman's mouth flopped open. The muscles of the boa tightened once again and a gush of red blood poured up from the croc's throat, staining the lagoon a brilliant carmine hue. The anaconda had crushed the cayman's internal organs. The amphibian's life-blood gushed out as its insides burst under the terrible pressure.

It was the blood that did it!

We were still staring transfixed at the floating horror when the jungle filled with the loud slither of great, heavy bodies moving through the brush and scrub grass.

"Crocs! Dozens of them!" I yelled. Attracted by the smell of the blood, an entire cayman colony had come to life. All around us they were coming out of the jungle, cutting into the water with their long, evil snouts.

One of the natives screamed in terror at the sudden rush of the terrible amphibians. He took a single step backward, lost his footing—and plunged down the bank!

As the man fell he struck the canoe on the shelf of earth a foot or two below us. He tried to regain his feet—and only served to unbalance the craft

even more. Bruce and I lunged for the canoe, but it tipped crazily, and slid off into the water.

The boat struck on its side, spilling our gear into the lagoon. Then, as we clambered after it frantically, the canoe floated out—away from the bank. The native scrambled to his feet and plunged blindly into the water after it.

The crocs were converging on the floating carcass of their fellow, bobbing in the lagoon, the coils of the anaconda clamped tight around it. Three or four of the ugly amphibians reached the dead cayman at the same time and began to rip into it and the snake with their teeth.

"No! Come back here, you fools!" McVey was screaming at the natives. Instead of simply reaching out for the gunwales of the canoe from the bank, they had waded out into the stream and were trying to regain our lost gear. By their clumsy searching they shoved the wooden shell three or four feet farther from the bank.

Then I saw a snout splitting water toward the two men. "My God! Look out!" I yelled.

Our boatmen turned and saw the cayman making for them. Petrified with terror they froze where they stood, waist-deep in the water.

McVey grabbed the nearest man roughly by his neck and shoved him toward the shore. The fast-moving croc was less than five yards away. As he reached for the second native—who stood in the water, eyes bulging out of his head—Bruce slipped on the slimy floor of the lagoon.

By that time I had the canoe dragged to the bank, ramming the stern end hard into the muddy earth. I swivelled and tried to reach Bruce and the boatman. McVey was clawing at the native's arm.

I reached them just as the croc's snout touched the Guianan's leg. The

jaws opened and the razor-sharp teeth raked his flesh. His shriek ripped through the jungle. The shock of the contact with the croc galvanized the frightened man into action. He and Bruce and I made a stumbling rush for the bank. I reached it first and hauled the others to safety.

The native's leg was badly torn and the fresh blood it trailed into the lagoon maddened the crocs anew. McVey reached into the canoe and yanked out his rifle which jammed in the thrwarts had not fallen into the water.

"Tie up that man's leg!" he yelled and began firing into the dark shapes milling around in the water. Cayman blood quickly tinged the lagoon pink.

I ripped my shirt into strips and made a hasty tourniquet around the native's torn leg. The flesh had been flayed right down to the bone.

"Come on! Let's get out of here fast!" McVey ordered. His last shot was gone and the rest of the ammo was in the water.

We piled into the canoe in frantic haste. Even the injured man made it under his own power.

"Thank God!" I rasped. The paddles were still jammed inside. I grabbed one while the second native took the other.

We sped from the scene as if the hounds of hell were after us.

Bruce and I took turns paddling and nursing the injured boatman. Periodically, we loosened the tourniquet to prevent gangrene from setting in. It looked as though he had a good chance of making it back to Hendrickson's plantation alive.

We had paddled for about an hour when McVey tapped me on the shoulder. "Well, are you bored now, lad?" he inquired, his voice heavy with dry sarcasm.

I couldn't bring myself to reply!

THE END

HELL-CATS ARE MURDER!

(Continued from page 38)

edge of the sheer drop-off had masked it. Both Gordo and I had run right over the edge without seeing it.

I saw the kid. He was lying on his back several yards away. Two snarling, spitting, infuriated ocelots were on top of him! We had stumbled into their lair! They had attacked the boy and were biting and clawing at his threshing body!

The kid's arms were streaked with his own blood. He struck and pushed and shoved at the vicious animals. I sprang forward, catching hold of one

of the beasts by the back of its neck. The cat whirled around. Its fangs were red with blood—Gordo's!

The ocelot leaped for my throat. The claws on its forepaws dug into my shoulders. Its hind legs pedalled furiously as the brute tried to dig out my belly!

I stumbled back, 75 pounds of kill-crazed hell-cat on top of me. The cat's body was only about three feet long but it was all coiled-steel muscle! I twisted my body to avoid the deadly hind feet. The animal's mouth snapped

at my throat.

Taken completely by surprise, I had been unable to ready myself for the onslaught. Sharp shards of pain tore at my shoulder as the cat's claws ripped flesh and muscle. I fought like an animal, the terrible knowledge that the ocelot could easily bite through my jugular foremost in my horrified mind.

I succeeded in getting one arm free. I dug my fingers into the cat's throat. It snarled angrily as I tightened my grip. One of the hind legs raked along my right thigh, laying it open.

HOW TO CHANGE YOUR FISHING LUCK!

Scientists Discover Fish Are Drawn to Bait by Strange Smell-Taste Instinct

(Copyright—1955)



PROVE IT YOURSELF WITH THIS TEST!

No elaborate equipment required! An ordinary glass aquarium tank and ANY species of fish will prove this new method really works! Drop in two or three hooks with your favorite bait. Treat only ONE with the new LURENE "smell-taste" preparation. It's the same bait . . . the same lures . . . yet right there, before your eyes you'll be witnessing a fascinating spectacle! You'll hardly believe your eyes! The fish, as if compelled by a supernatural power are drawn to the Lurene-treated hook. This article explains how this smell-taste instinct in fish can increase your fishing luck.

Are you down on your fishing luck? Have you been coming home recently with an empty creel. If you've been frustrated time after time with little or no catch . . . if you've invested hard earned dollars on the latest fishing tackle . . . if you've traveled far and wide to find that lucky strike—and been disappointed again and again, this article may help change all that quick! For, now at last, you too can use the secret that pros have been using since the war—a secret that even a school boy can use to catch more fish, no matter the weather, the bait, tackle, fresh or salt water.

AMERICAN SCIENTISTS DISCOVER AMAZING FACTS ON SEA LIFE

Man has been fishing since the dawn of time. Yet during countless centuries he's never really known much about sea life. Fishing has been mostly a matter of luck and wishful hoping. True enough, the latest tackle is a marvel of mechanical ingenuity; dry lures are works of art and everyone knows about bait! Yet, until recent times, few fishermen had even a glimmering of life below the sea. For all practical purposes it was another world in forbidden space. Then the U.S. Government Bureau of Fisheries got on the job. The nation's leading scientists, zoologists, and sportsmen joined in the quest. Millions of dollars were spent on gigantic glass aquariums, subwater cameras, recording devices, laboratory equipment. Thus, in less than a generation, we learned more about the mysteries of sea life than had man in 10,000 years!

FOUND AT LAST—REASON WHY FISH BITE!

One thing became clear to most everyone in the quest—fish, because of the liquid medium that constitutes their world, have different sensory reactions than land animals. For instance, here is a startling fact that even pros barely suspected: fish, large and small of all species, have poor eyesight indeed! Some are almost blind! No wonder, then that even when you use the most attractive dry lures, you can go home empty-handed! But nature, in her bounty, has provided fish with a very strong sense that leads them irresistibly to their food supply. This sense or instinct, for want of a better name, may be called—SMELL-TASTE. In other words, a fish both SMELLS and TASTES at one and the same time! This is an instinct that does not exist amongst land creatures. In fishes it is very strong. It is necessary for their very existence.

HOW LURENE WAS DEVELOPED

It is a fact that professional fishermen had been adding their own "smells" to live bait. But

these experiments show that smell ALONE was not enough. The additive must not only have a desirable SMELL, it must also incorporate a TASTE sensation to draw the fish. The big problem was: Which combination would do the BEST job? Test after test was made, the results carefully tabulated. Formula K-873 gave the most startling results. It proved to have as much as 53 times more "SMELL-TASTE" attraction power than other products tested. It was named "LURENE" and mass production got under way.

LURENE NOW AVAILABLE TO PUBLIC

Now you, too, can use LURENE to help you get better fishing luck. It involves no difficult procedure. Just dab a bit to your bait. Then fish as usual. Use your favorite tackle, dry lures, bait. It doesn't matter if you're out for trout, pickerel, bluefish, weakfish, pike, perch, bass, snappers or porgies. LURENE's attraction power is the same. It helps to pull 'em in, big or small.

FISHERMEN AMAZED WITH LURENE RESULTS

LURENE was tried in lakes, rivers, brooks and on the deep sea by amateur as well as skilled fishermen. The stories that come back to us sound like fishermen's tales—really beyond belief! But this I can personally certify: I have tried it time and again and I never came back empty-handed. I've tried other fish "smells"—but I've never seen anything like it before. I'm sold on LURENE for life! I'm sure you will be too, after you've tried it once or twice!

LURENE IS EASY TO USE

You need no special technique to use LURENE. You use the same tackle, bait, dry lures you've always used. Merely dab a little LURENE on your bait—that's all! Then fish for trout, weakfish, pike, perch, bass, gles, snapper or por LURENE goes to work for you within a few

minutes, releasing its SMELL-TASTE "call" into the surrounding waters. Even fish that can't SEE your bait will SMELL-TASTE it from a distance! See for yourself—with RESULTS—how this mysterious instinct of the sea world draws fish to your hook. Looks like magic—almost like hypnotism. Nobody can yet know for sure. Scientists themselves are puzzled by the strange behaviour of sea life. But of this you can be sure—LURENE really works—it positively helps to draw 'em in, be it instinct, hypnotism or what have you. After all, RESULTS are what every fisherman is after!

RESULTS GUARANTEED OR LURENE DOESN'T COST YOU 1c

Now you can try LURENE at the distributor's risk. It must help you catch more fish—it must satisfy you in every way. Otherwise, it costs you nothing. All you are asked to do is TRY it and you and you alone be the judge. See for yourself if LURENE doesn't help the big babies even in "fished out" water. Use it to help pull in your favorites—trout, pickerel, cat, bluefish, weakfish, pike, perch, bass, snappers or porgies. Test it. Try your own home aquarium test, or better still, compare the RESULTS with your fishing companions who haven't yet discovered LURENE! See for yourself how their eyes bulge at your fishing "luck"! Yes—LURENE must positively help you catch more fish—it must "change your fishing luck" or your \$1.98 comes right back—NO QUESTIONS ASKED. Better get your supply now while the season's on! A \$1.98 package is enough to "SMELL-TASTE" condition hundreds of live or dry baits. So act now! Mail coupon today to:

LURENE CO., Dept.

352 Fourth Ave., New York 10, N.Y.



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LURENE CO., Dept. MTA - 4
31 W. 47th St., New York 36, N.Y.

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- ☐ 1.98 enclosed—rush prepaid.
☐ Send C.O.D. plus postage.

Name

Address

City Zone State

☐ SPECIAL OFFER: Save \$1.00 by ordering two packages for only \$2.98. Send check, m.o. or cash on this offer as we cannot ship C.O.D. at this special price.

The smell of the blood seemed to infuriate the beast and it redoubled its wild, convulsive lashings. I shoved hard against the ocelot's throat, bending it backward. I put every ounce of strength I had into the motion.

"*Senor—Senor Balcorn,*" Gordo's cry was more an agonized moan now. I knew the kid was weakening.

I doubled my legs under me somehow and got the soles of my boots into the cat's soft underbelly. I kicked out as hard as I could, flinging the raging brute from me. The ocelot hissed and shrieked as it flew through the air. I winced with pain as one of its claws, embedded in my shoulder, tore loose, taking with it a chunk of meat.

I staggered to my feet. I saw a rock the size of my head on the ground. I reached down and grabbed it. I saw the surface of the stone turn crimson from the blood flowing down my arms and hands.

The cat that had attacked me regained its feet. It was coming back for more. I couldn't afford to miss. I aimed the rock well—and threw it with all my might. It hit the ocelot just behind the shoulder. The cat let out a fierce howl of pain and retreated into the bushes.

I dived into the confused whirl of struggling boy and animal at the other end of the gully. Little Gordo's strength was almost gone. The ocelot was gradually biting and clawing him to death. It was a female.

I grabbed at her from behind. Razor-teeth scraped the back of my hand. I threw myself on top of the beast, locking my arms around her and rolled over. The cat's muzzle was scarlet with Gordo's blood. She stank of her rage and fury. The leopard-like hide of the brute was taut as corded muscles worked under it.

Again, the deadly hind legs were at work, flailing to rip out my belly. I flung myself from side to side to avert the slashing knives. The ocelot's fangs were bare inches from my face. I smashed at the animal's muzzle with my clenched fist.

It only enraged the cat. Snarling, growling, the ocelot was half-mad with anger and bloodlust. Its jaws snapped closed, catching the meaty heel of my palm. Blood spurted as the feline fury gouged a chunk of flesh out of my hand.

The agony of the wound brought waves of nausea boiling up from inside me. I shrieked my pain and felt my muscles work involuntarily.

The ocelot arched her back and her forefeet went up—to come down in two great, slashing blows. I thrust out my injured hand to protect my face. I dug

one of the fingers into the cat's eye.

My thumb and forefinger closed on the ocelot's eyelid. I gripped it hard—then ripped it away, the way a doctor rips away an adhesive bandage. The eye filled with sticky red fluid even as the cat threw itself to one side, blind and insane with pain.

The brute fell on the ground and churned and whirled around. I made it to my knees and began crawling over to Gordo. The kid was unconscious. The splintered end of a broken bone thrust itself from the macerated flesh of his left leg.

Suddenly I remembered his machete and wondered where he had dropped it. With the heavy bladed knife I would be able to make quick work of the two cats.

"*Madre—madre mia,*" Gordo moaned deliriously, twitching a little.

"Thank God he's alive," I mumbled. I searched the ground for the machete but could not find it. It would be only moments before the ocelots recovered from their shock and returned to the fight. I had to do something—quick.

I was badly hurt, bleeding from a dozen places. There was no easy way out of the gully—certainly no way for a painfully injured man carrying a boy.

Then I spotted the machete. It was lodged on a narrow shelf of rock a few feet up the face of the drop-off. The male ocelot—the one I had smashed with the rock—heard the hellish screams of its mate. It was moving forward toward me.

I angled past him, running for the rock wall. The cat saw me, changed its course. I hit the end of the gully and scrambled up the steep side just as the beast sprang.

He hit me at the same moment that I got the handle of the machete into my hand. A million molten knives stabbed through the back of my thigh as the cat sank its fangs into it.

I clutched frantically at a knob of earth and gripped the machete. Fighting to keep my balance against the torture of the vise-like jaws clamped in my flesh, I turned.

I hacked down with the machete. The blade bit deep into the animal's fur. I raised my arm again and swung, chopping through the ocelot's spine. The shock of metal meeting bone tore the weapon out of my hand.

I fell. I pried the dead cat's jaws—locked in my flesh—apart as I lay sobbing on the blood-soaked earth. I worked fast, knowing I still had another brute to deal with!

Grinding torment blasted through me as I yanked the dead jaws apart, dragging the teeth out of my flesh! The

throbbing convulsions of pain carried me to the brink of insensibility.

The warning snarl cleared away the black mists gathering in front of my eyes. I forced myself to my feet, feeling the sole of my boot sink and slither in the butchered carcass of the ocelot.

The female charged blindly. Sensing that her mate was dead, she threw herself at me. I met her leap with the machete. I used the weapon like an axe. The heavy blade cleft into the muzzle. I heard the snap and crack of nasal cartilage and bone and the animal's skull crunched open.

She fell dead in an awful heap of blood-soaked fur and puddled gore.

I was exhausted, my body a bundle of raw, yammering hurt. I staggered over to Gordo. The boy was in a coma. His slender body was a mass of cuts and tears. His leg, doubtless broken when he fell into the *canon*, was in bad shape.

I bound up the worst of his injuries as well as I could, using the filthy rags I tore from my clothing. I tried to force some water past his lips.

I could not carry him nor could I leave the boy on the ground. His blood would quickly attract myriads of insects.

Luckily, I had matches with me. Piling some of the tinder-dry brush into a heap, I succeeded in starting a small fire. I hoped to attract the attention of the men in camp.

The fact that I accomplished my purpose came as a surprise. I was half-dizzy and not thinking on all cylinders. When Tomas and eight or ten of his cohorts started down the hill toward us, I grinned up at them foolishly.

"I'll let you sleep all day tomorrow, you bums," I giggled. And keeled over.

The *mestizos* got us back. Gordo, they carried. Me, they dragged. Tomas shot me full of morphine from the first-aid kit before going about the nasty business of setting the kid's leg and bandaging his slashed body.

The natives carried us both to the boats and took us up-river to Magangué. The Colombian doctor there finished the patch job on Gordo and ordered me to stay flat on my back for several days. Tomas was overjoyed to hear this news.

"Then I must take charge?" he leered. I nodded weakly.

"Of course that means I am worth many more pesos, no?"

"No!" I croaked hoarsely. Then I thought it over. "But you'll get 'em anyway. That's a promise . . ."

Tomas wasn't worth it—but the kid's hide and mine certainly were!

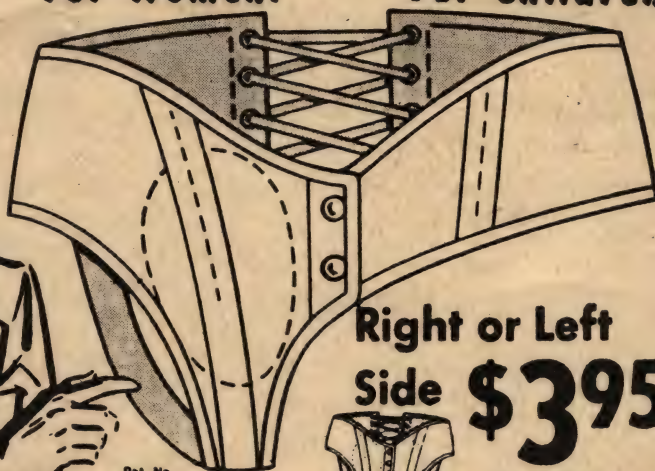
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Minnie LaJeunesse, Minneapolis, Minn., writes: "... the RUPTURE-EASER is very comfortable and almost a miracle as to the way it holds one in place, and am very much pleased and satisfied with the belt."

Harley Decoteau, Montpelier, Vt., says: "The last brace you sent me was wonderful. I have been ruptured for 30 years. I am now 36, and in 30 years, I have never been more pleased."

Stanley C. Forbes, Rockville Center, L. I., N. Y. writes: "... What a God send it is to me now as I wear my RUPTURE-EASER. I can sleep more than recommend it to everybody... I am now able to go back to work."

Joseph A. Parks, Orlando, Fla., thanks us and writes: "... I have five of various kinds and prices, but yours up to this time is the most satisfactory yet. Its simplicity amazes me; it is so light and comfortable on me, I don't know I have it on."

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It's **easy** with our way of selling shoes. We set you up in a complete "shoe store" business you can run from your home. We carry the stock and ship the shoes. All you do is show the styles to your family, friends, people where you work, etc...and take orders. You have a profitable business with no rent, light bill, clerk hire or other costs to worry you. **You keep 100% of your profit!**

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- Because we carry over 200,000 pairs in stock, your customers get **exactly** what they want...no misfits or substitutions!
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Smart dress, sport styles!
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"I photograph the miracle of new hair growing on bald heads!"

"I am Von Smith of St. Helens, Oregon, and as the photographer who took these pictures I can verify that Roy Smith, Oiva Witikka and Eldon Beerbower have actually regrown hair, thanks to the Brandenfels Home System."



Hair regrowth for Roy Smith, rancher, was so marked after almost 20 years of near-baldness that friends could hardly believe what they saw.

Air Force doctors were unable to help Oiva Witikka when he lost all his hair, and he was bald when he was discharged. What a change!

From complete baldness to light fuzz in 8 weeks (picture he's holding), Eldon Beerbower's final reward was a full head of hair.



All scalp pictures are just as photographed — never retouched.

References: U. S. National Bank, Bank of St. Helens, Chamber of Commerce—all of St. Helens, Oregon.

Why You Can Order With Confidence

- ▶ All letters and testimonials quoted here are bona fide. Full addresses of any one gladly sent on request.
- ▶ Against a common disbelief in hair regrowth Carl Brandenfels relies on the expert opinion of competent medical doctors and clinicians who conducted tests and made observations that showed hair regrowth with the use of Brandenfels Scalp and Hair Applications. The drawings below explain their considered opinions.



These drawings were made from photomicrographs of biopsies taken in a medical test to show what happens when hair successfully regrows while using Brandenfels Applications. This is an unproductive hair follicle (root). It is blunted and the opening plugged with sebaceous gum and scaly skin, the doctors diagnosed.



Now, during use of Brandenfels Applications and Dilative Massage, an improved condition of the follicle was noticed. The follicle is less distorted, the scaly skin layer is disappearing and there's actually regrowth of a tiny hair in the follicle.



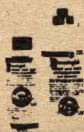
Now the follicle is producing hair! These sketches were made from actual biopsies on a test group of people who volunteered to participate in this, the world's first sub-dermal research project, conducted by medical doctors and technicians. Here's positive proof hair roots may still be alive in a bald head!

- ▶ In addition, more than 20,000 letters and reports telling of hair regrowth, relief from dandruff scale, less excessive hair fall and improved scalp conditions, have been audited and attested to by outside, impartial, licensed certified public accountants.
- ▶ There are Brandenfels users in every state in the Union, in Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, and in more than 80 foreign countries in the free world.
- ▶ Testimonials may be seen at St. Helens, Oregon, when permission has been given by the writers.

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"When I first started taking these pictures I felt mighty foolish at not recognizing the men, women and children who came in for 'after' pictures as the same people I had 'shot' when they were bald, or virtually so. 'Now I'm glad when this happens! It means another happy man or woman—or child. Yes, regrowth of hair is an actual fact in many cases with the Brandenfels System. 'In the Brandenfels offices I have seen files bulging with letters from men

Pleasant to use at home — no expensive office calls.

If you have excessively falling hair, ugly dandruff scale, a tight, itching scalp, a rapidly receding hair line, or any unhealthy scalp condition which is not conducive to growing hair, DON'T WAIT! It may be possible for you to arrest these conditions RIGHT IN THE PRIVACY OF YOUR OWN HOME without expensive office calls. Carl Brandenfels does not guarantee to promote new hair growth, because not every user has grown new hair. He emphatically believes, however, that his formulas and unique pressure massage will bring about a more

and women all over the world telling of one or more of these benefits:

- ✓ RENEWED HAIR GROWTH
- ✓ RELIEF FROM DANDRUFF SCALE
- ✓ LESS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR
- ✓ IMPROVED SCALP HEALTH

"I have seen how it is true that even on smooth, bald areas where no hair is visible the hair roots may still be alive and in many cases lack only the proper stimulation of the Brandenfels System to make them grow hair again."

healthy condition of the scalp that in many cases helps nature grow hair. YOU OWE IT TO YOURSELF...YOUR BUSINESS ACQUAINTANCES...AND YOUR FAMILY to give the Brandenfels System a thorough trial. Brandenfels' wonderful formulas are non-sticky, with a "clean" aroma, and they will not rub off on bed linens or hat bands. The formulas and massage are pleasant and easy to use. Enclose \$18.00 (includes Federal tax, postage and mailing). Use the handy coupon below. Send your order to Carl Brandenfels, St. Helens, Oregon.

Baldness may begin 2 years before your friends notice — act now!

If you—or anyone in your family—have already become bald, or are losing hair rapidly, SEND TODAY, for a five-week supply of Brandenfels Scalp and Hair Applications and Mas-

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- ☐ I enclose \$18 (includes Federal tax, postage and mailing). Ship prepaid.
- ☐ I enclose \$20 for RUSH air shipment (APO, FPO, or U.S.A.).
- ☐ C.O.D.—I agree to pay postman the \$18 plus postal charges.

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Cash orders are pharmaceutically compounded and shipped immediately, postage prepaid.

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IMPORTANT

When filling out this order please check X the following on which you want specific information:

- ☐ Excessively Falling Hair
- ☐ Tight, Itchy Scalp
- ☐ Ugly Dandruff Scale
- ☐ Alopecia

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DOCTORS CALL IT "MALE CLIMACTERIC"

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Don't Surrender to Old Age Until You've Made This Test

What Is Climacteric?...

Medical dictionaries tell us "climacteric" is the time of life when the body undergoes a radical change. The first change when boys become men and girls become women, is usually between the ages of 12-17—another change again occurs usually between 40 and 50.

Who Does It Affect?...

Both men & women. In women it is called "menopause" or "change of life." In men, doctors call it "male climacteric."

What Are The Common Symptoms?...

Because the body and blood are undergoing important changes during climacteric, the entire system may become upset and symptoms are varied. Men are usually extremely nervous, tire easily, become irritable, feel weak in arms, legs and back and often are very "crabby." Often there are "hot flashes" accompanied by that "what's the use" feeling. And very often a special supplementary source of certain vitamins and minerals is needed such as you find in this important discovery called AFTER 40 CAPSULES.

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**New policy can pay
up to \$5,000**

for a single serious illness or injury. This catastrophe policy (P-86) starts to pay where ordinary insurance stops! It keeps right on paying right up to \$5000—every separate time you are sick or hurt. And yet, because of the coinsurance and deductible features, this policy may cost you no more than you now pay for some kind of insurance that limits payments!

**New health policy pays CASH
even if you never get sick!**

This policy (NC-701) guarantees to pay you the full face value (from \$2500 to \$5000 for men, from \$3000 to \$7500 for women) even if you are never sick a day in your life! You get the full face value, either in cash, or as money to help pay medical bills. This protection is guaranteed renewable until age 75, or until you get the full face value in cash benefits.

**UP TO \$200 A MONTH
FOR LIVING EXPENSES**

Decide at the time you take policy P-16, how much you need for household expenses. Wage-earners can get from \$50 to \$200 a month—depending on amount stated in policy. Up to a year for sickness and up to 2 years for injury when disabled, unable to work, and confined under doctor's care—either in hospital or home. No decrease in benefits before age 61.

**YOU CAN GET UP TO \$1500
FOR HOSPITAL BILLS**

Under the WHITE CROSS PLAN you can get from \$4 to \$15 a day (depending on room rate stated in your P-6 policy)—up to 100 days for each different sickness or injury, for each member of your family.

MATERNITY BENEFITS

You can get up to ten times the daily rate in your policy P-6 or P-85 for childbirth or any complications of pregnancy or miscarriage after waiting periods specified in the policies... and \$50 additional from P-9.

**PAYS AS MUCH AS
\$250 for "EXTRAS"**

You can get cash for many hospital services not ordinarily covered. Policies (P-6 and P-9) provide specified amounts for operating room, anesthetics, x-rays, drugs, dressings, medicines, ambulance, laboratory tests, and many others.

**Specified Cash Payments
for DOCTOR BILLS
up to a total of \$150 for each
illness or injury**

You are covered by Policy P-89 for doctor treatments at home (\$3 per day), doctor's office or hospital (\$2 per day). Benefits begin with first treatment for injury, third treatment for sickness.

**EXTRA INCOME . . .
for you while in the hospital**

Under the WHITE CROSS PLAN disability income is increased one half your first two months in the hospital. If your P-16 policy specifies \$200 a month, you actually receive \$600 for the first two months you are in the hospital and \$200 a month thereafter.

**\$5 TO \$250
FOR SURGICAL FEES**

By combining surgical benefits available in the policies, in lieu of treatments, you can get up to \$250 for surgery performed on any member of your family. Each policy P-6-P-9 lists amounts for various operations.

**\$1,000
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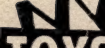
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